

SEPTEMBER
No. 62

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
9

CRACK COMICS



Captain
TRIUMPH
stalks the
**VANISHING
VANDALS!**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action
into INDOOR thrills

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

IT'S A
FENCE
BUSTER



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
INDOORS BY
ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE
GAME BECAUSE
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT
US HERE! NOW ADMIT
YOU WERE KIDDING,
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D
FINISH THE
GAME IN
YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME!

SAY,
THAT LOOKS
SHARP! LET'S
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD--
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE
TRIGGER BAT,
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE
WINNER! THAT'S THE
BEST LOOKING GAME
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPLIT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC!

PLAY BALL--
I'M ALL
SET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET
AS EXCITING AS
CAN BE!



COLORLED LIGHTS
FLASH THE PLAY

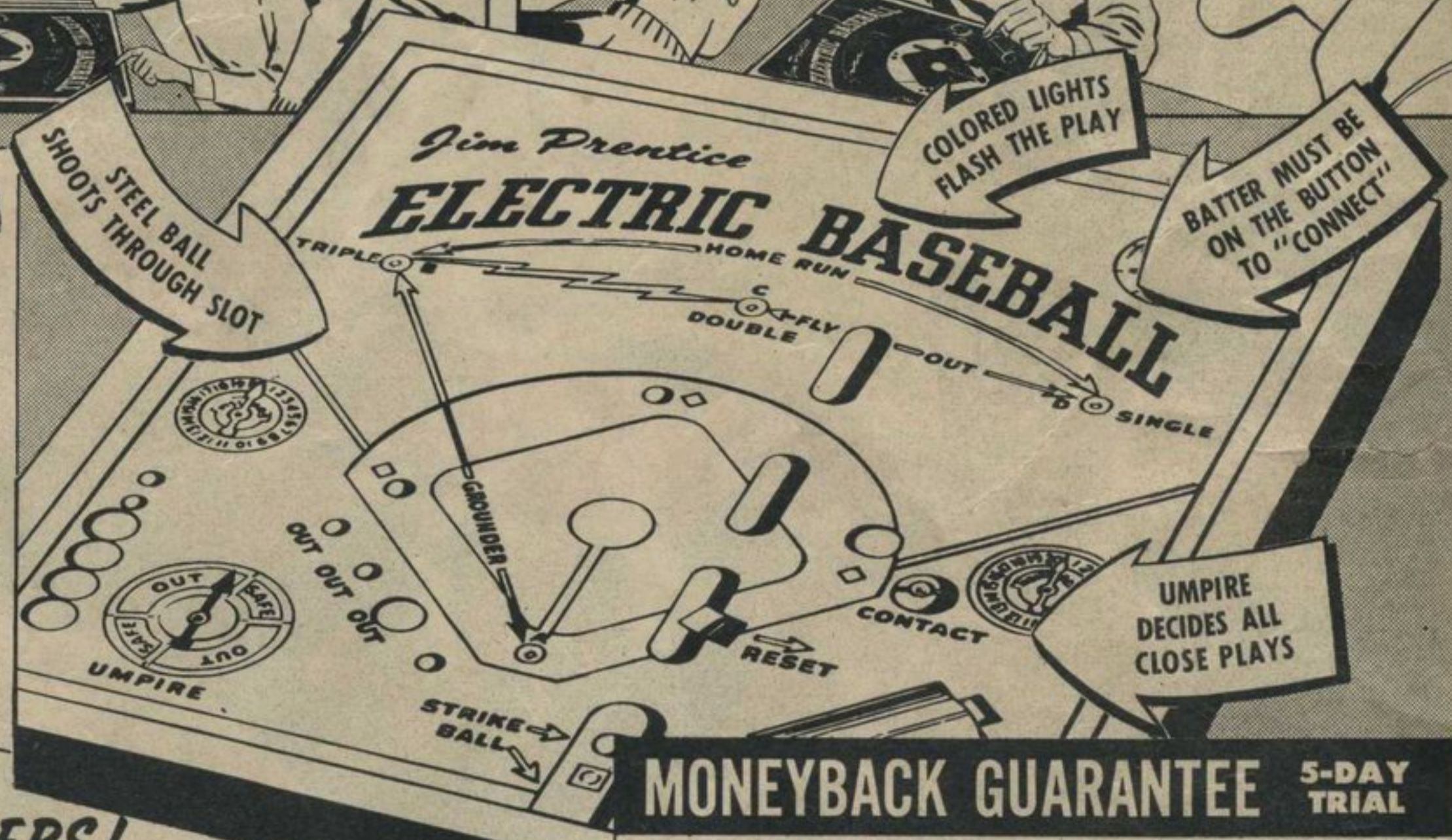
BATTER MUST BE
ON THE BUTTON
TO "CONNECT"

UMPIRE
DECIDES ALL
CLOSE PLAYS

SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry — send for your game — right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful water repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE . . .
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.



STEEL BALL
SHOOTS THROUGH SLOT

Jim Prentice
ELECTRIC BASEBALL

TRIPLE HOME RUN
DOUBLE
OUT
SINGLE

OUT OUT OUT

UMPIRE

STRIKE BALL

CONTACT

RESET

Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your chums over for some fun. REAL FUN — for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric". Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
HOLYOKE, MASS.

act fast

ELECTRIC GAME CO.

94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed

Name

Street

City and Zone

State

VARSITY MODELS

- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
- ☐ Electric Football \$3.00

NEW SUPER MODELS

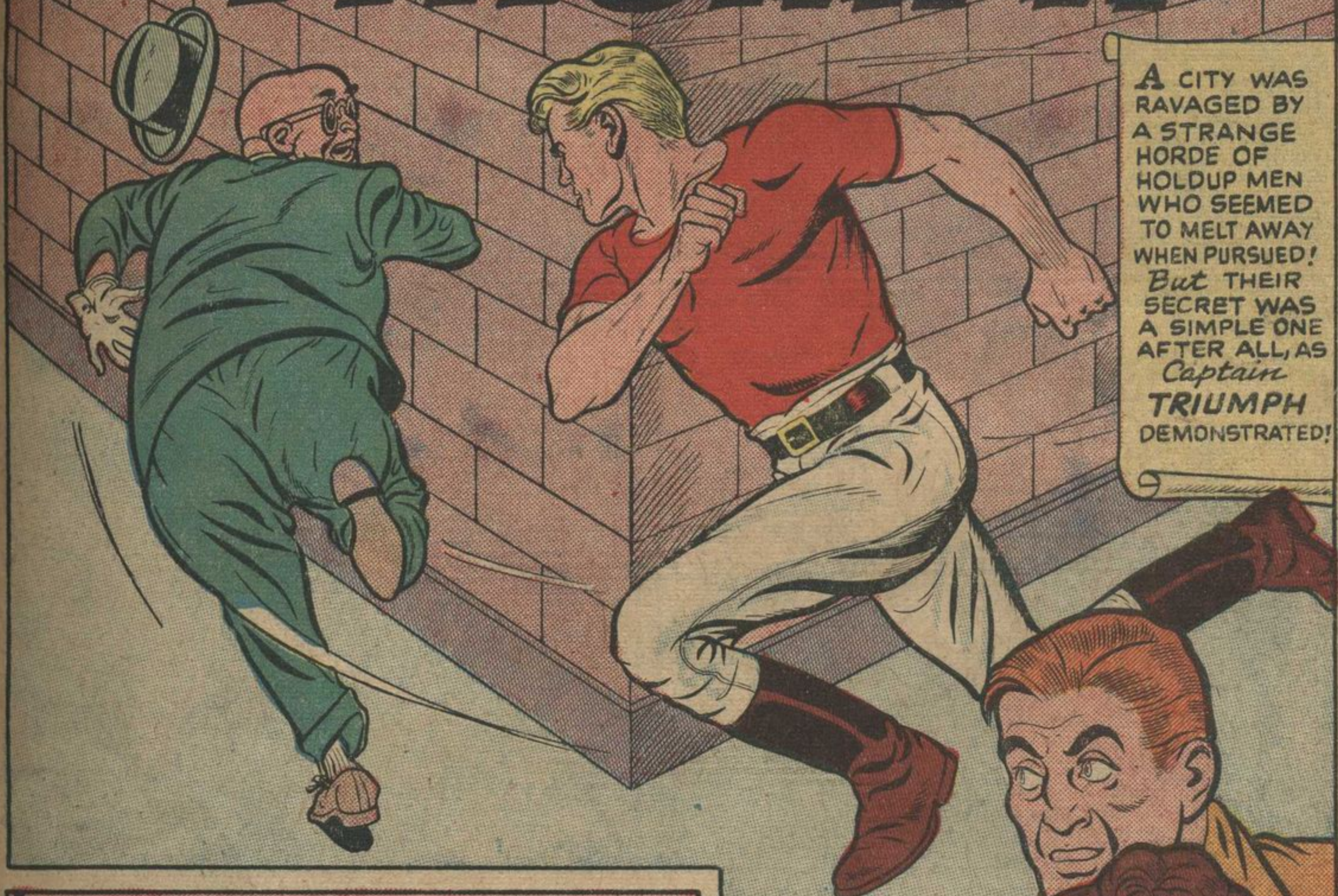
- ☐ Electric Baseball \$10
- ☐ Electric Football \$10

CASH or C.O.D.

- ☐ Full payment with order — no collections
- ☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.

All Games Postpaid

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH

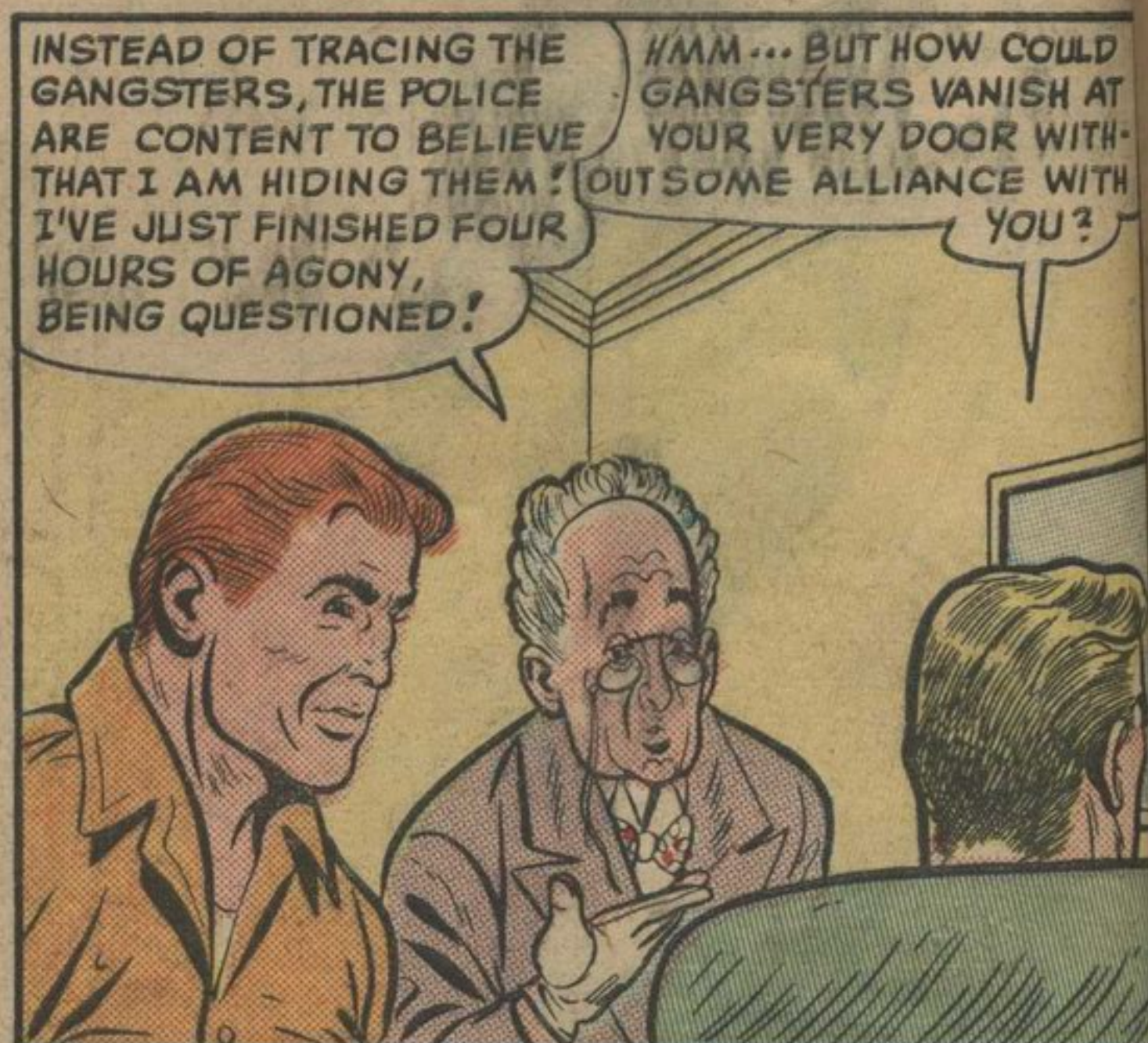


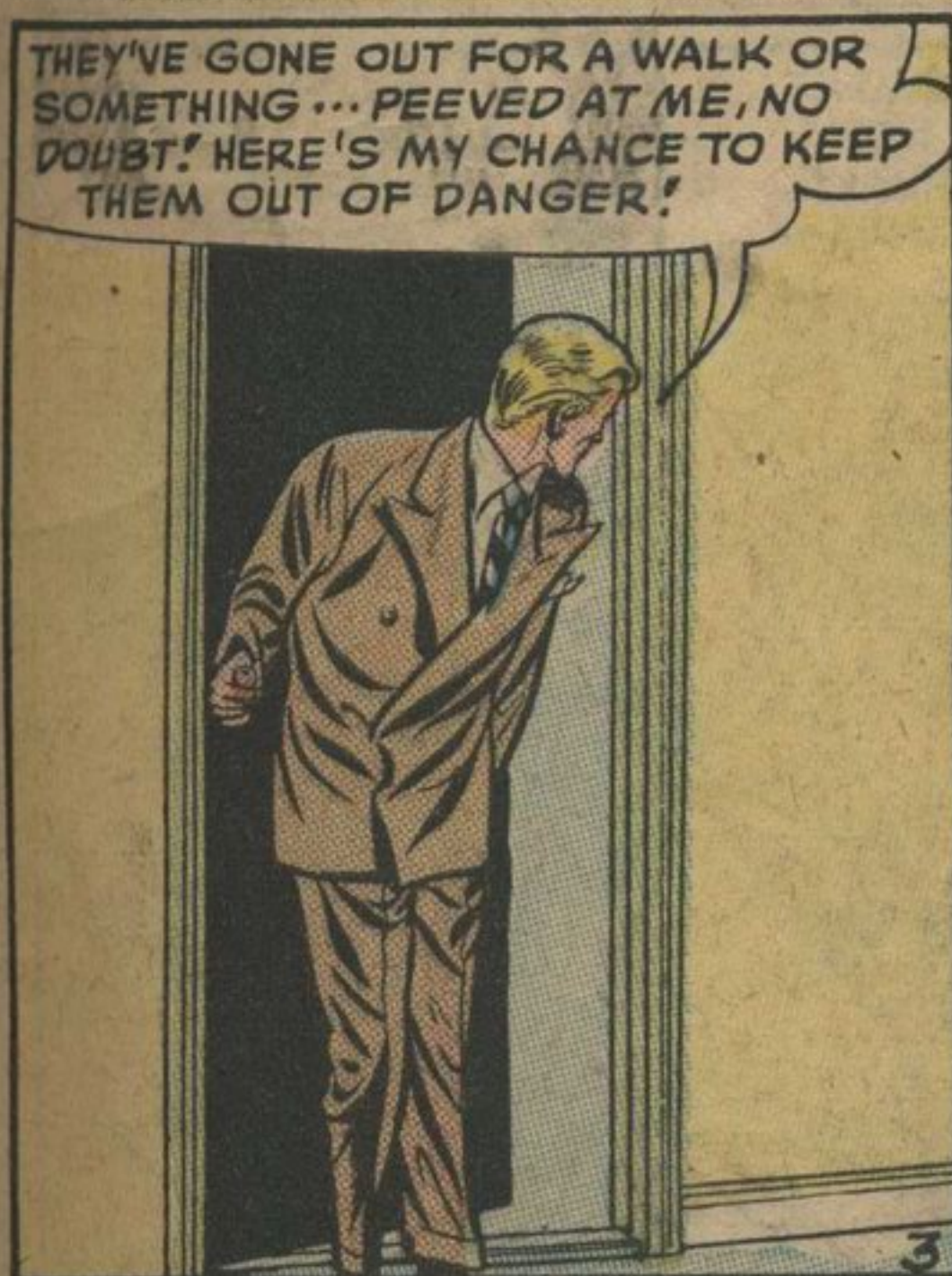
A CITY WAS
RAVAGED BY
A STRANGE
HORDE OF
HOLDUP MEN
WHO SEEMED
TO MELT AWAY
WHEN PURSUED!
But THEIR
SECRET WAS
A SIMPLE ONE
AFTER ALL, AS
Captain
TRIUMPH
DEMONSTRATED!

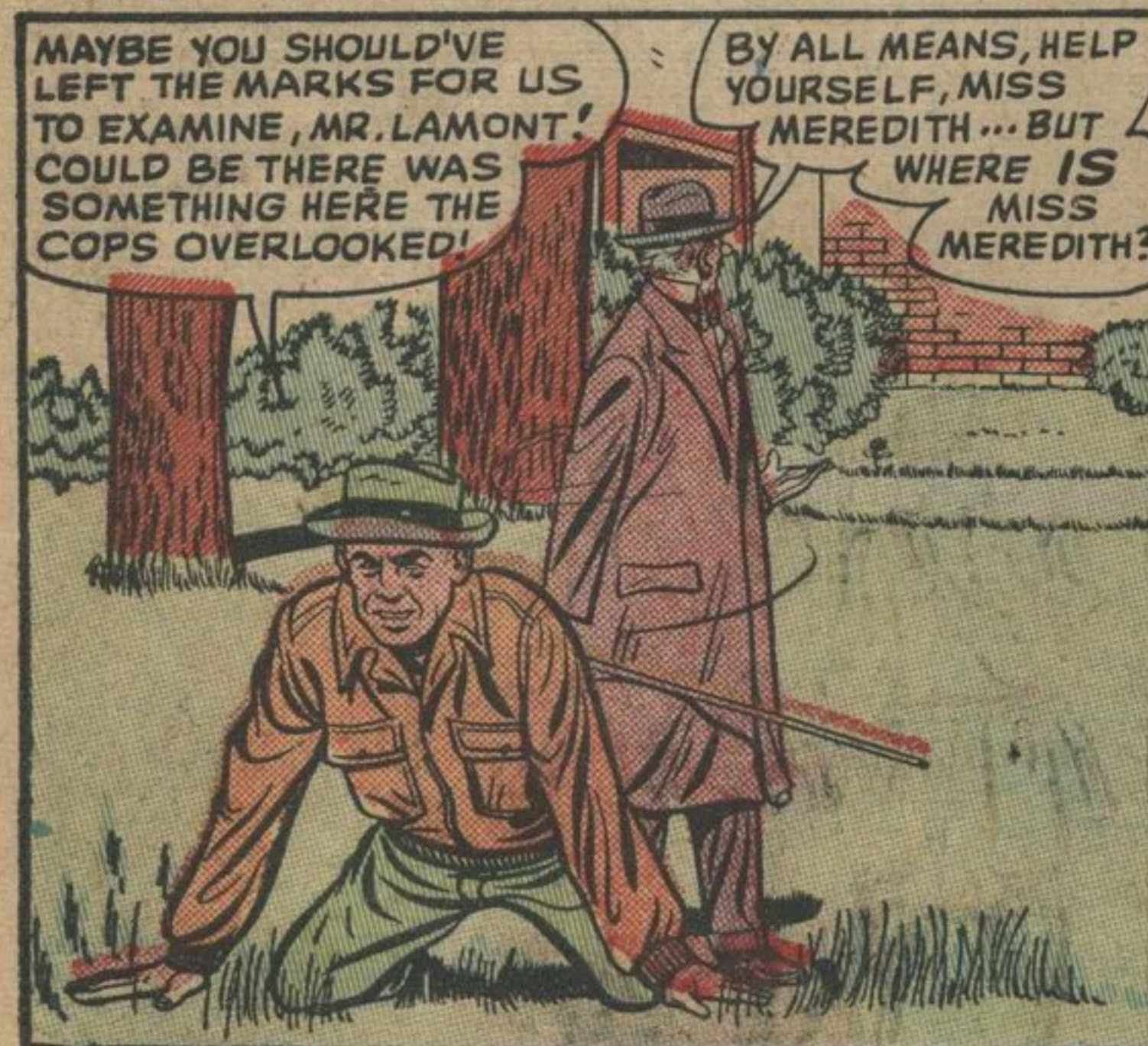
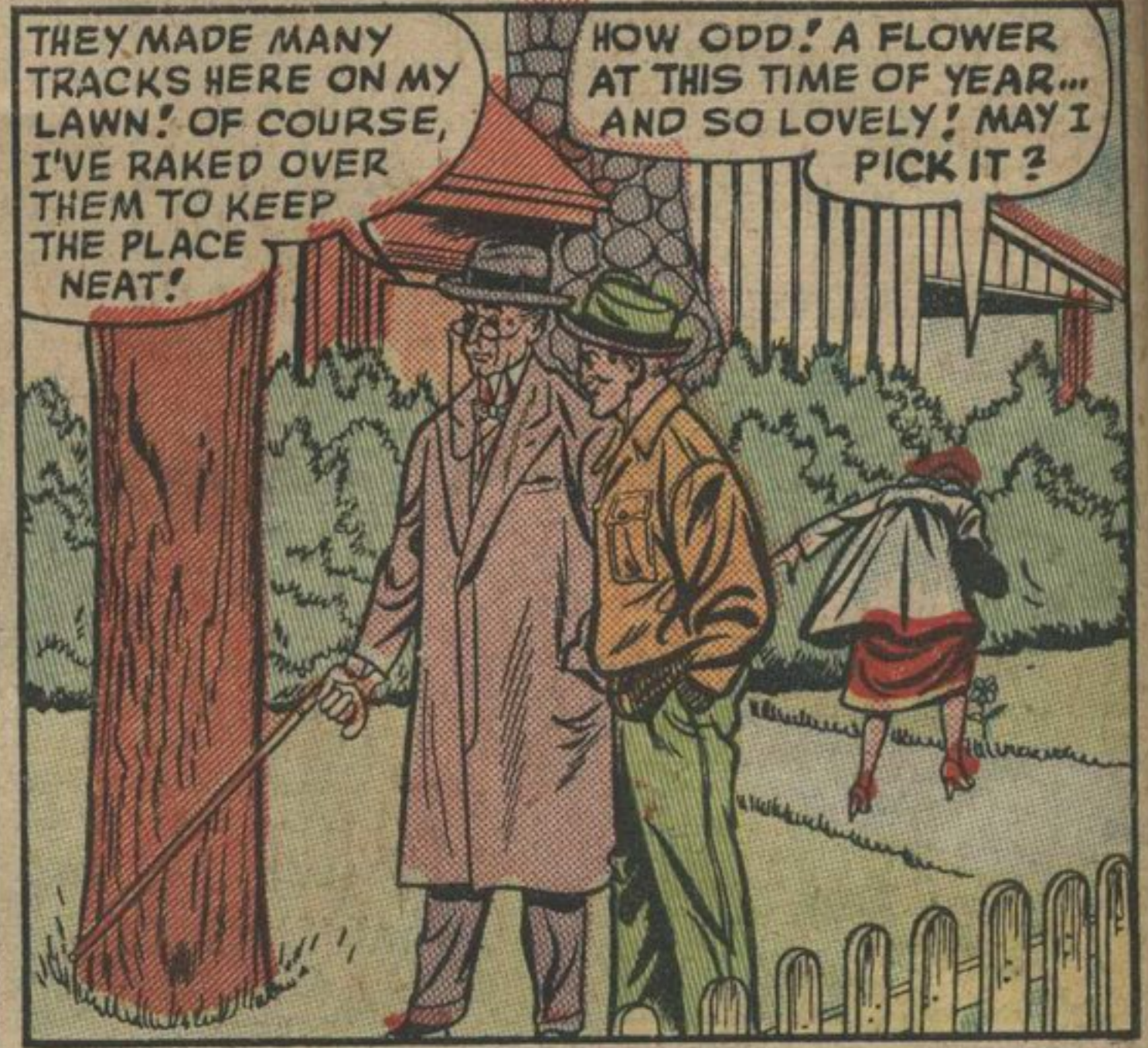
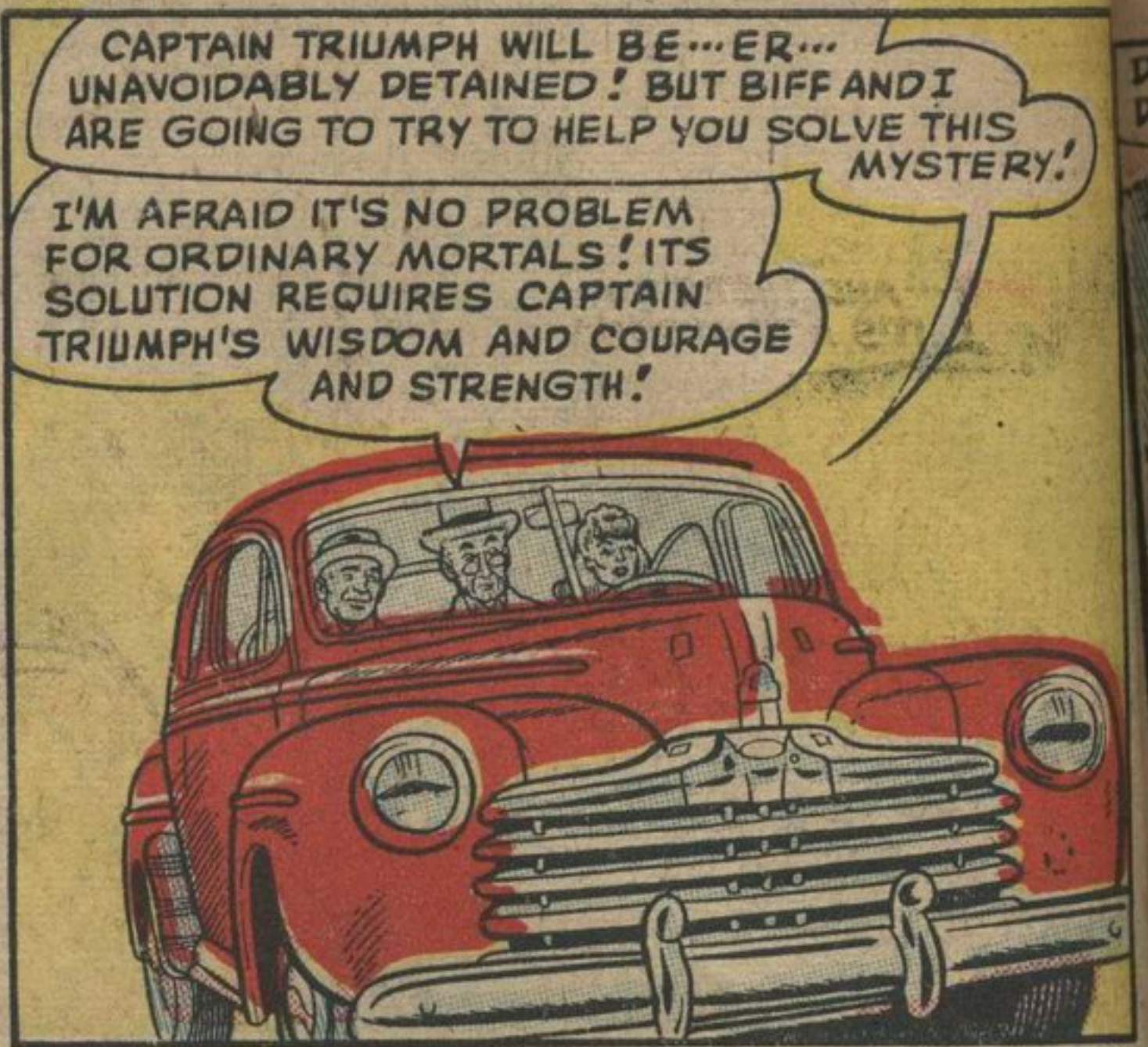
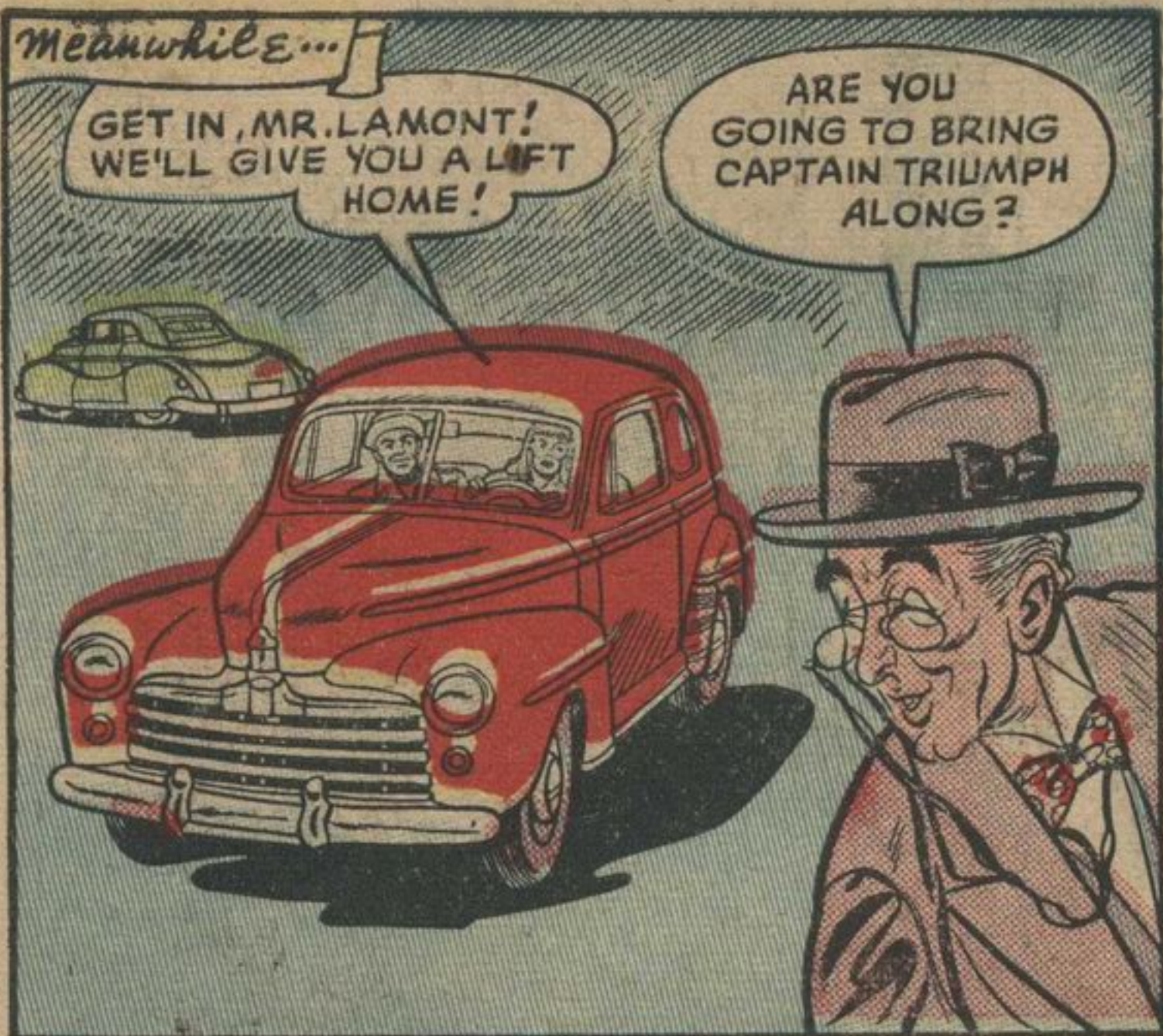
LANCE GALLANT TOUCHES THE MARK OF MYSTERY ON
HIS WRIST... AND IMMEDIATELY BLENDS WITH THE SPIRIT
OF HIS TWIN BROTHER, MICHAEL, TO FORM THE FEAR-
LESS **CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**!



CRACK COMICS



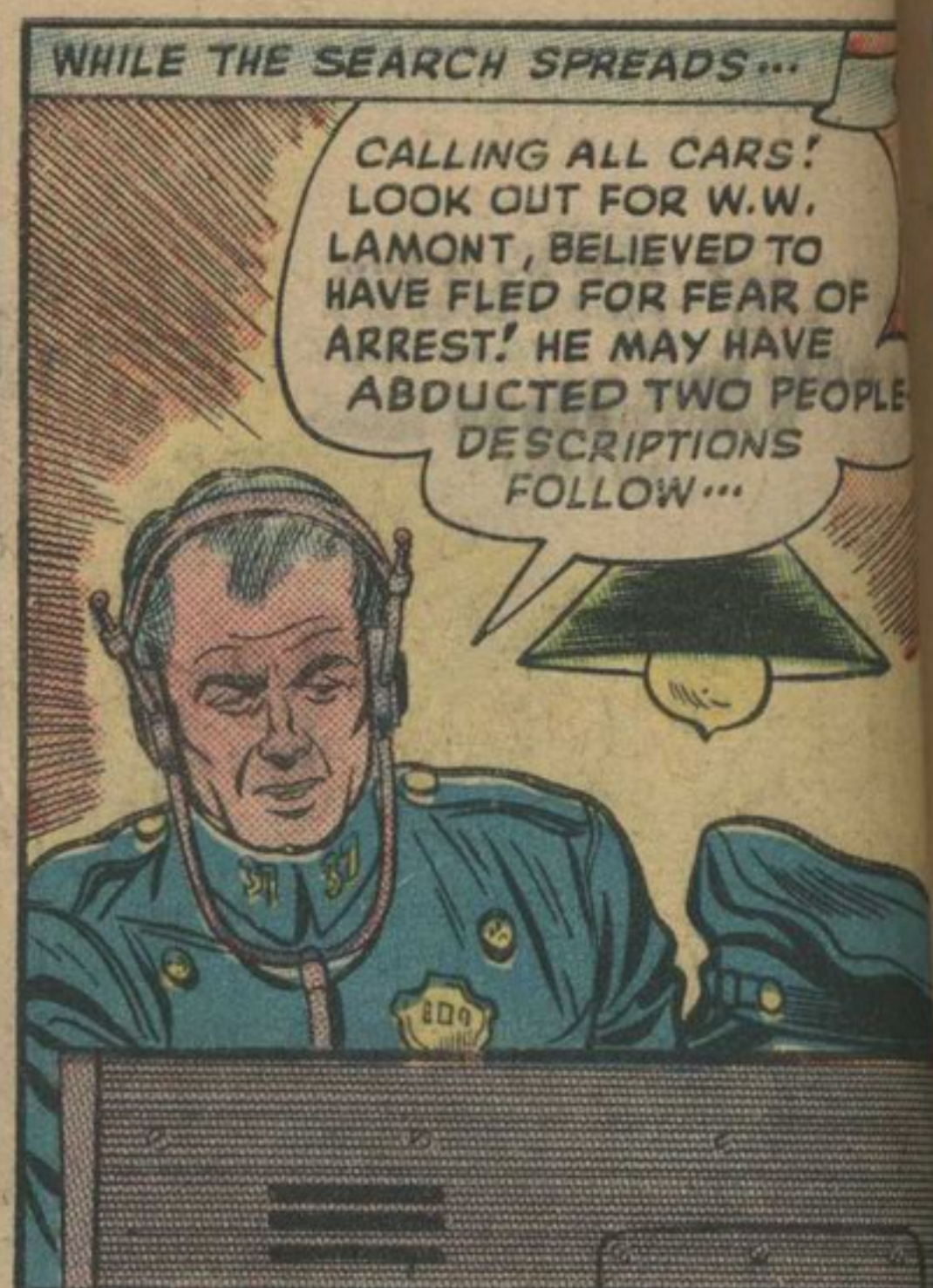
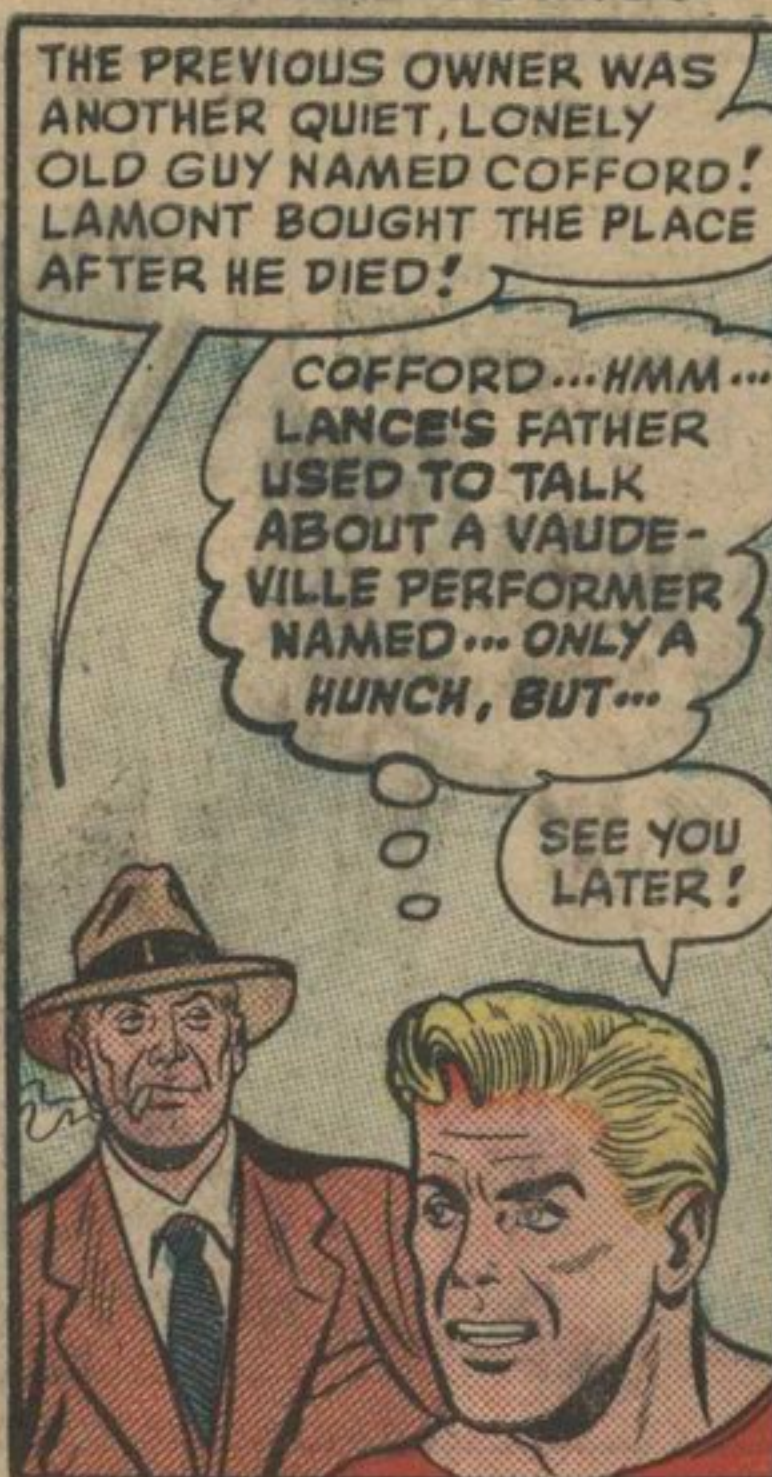




DON'T DAMA

CRACK COMICS





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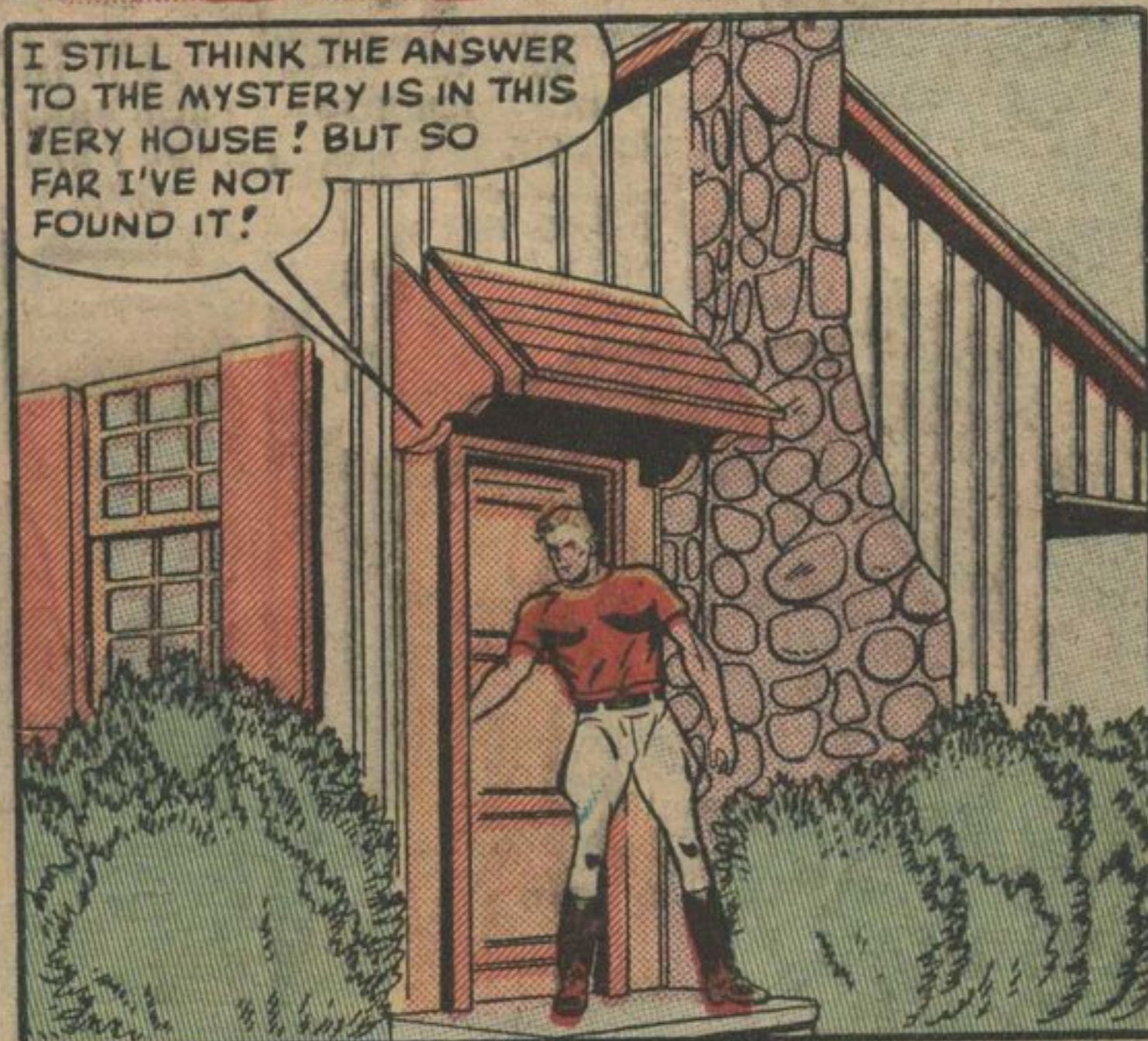
THE POLICE ARE BUSY COMBING THE CITY FOR LAMONT, KIM AND BIFF! NO TIME TO TELL THEM THAT THE DISAPPEARANCE MAY HAVE HAPPENED RIGHT HERE...IN A HOUSE THAT ONCE BELONGED TO THE MASTER OF A VANISHING ACT!



MAYBE THE WALL HAS PANELS...OR THE FURNITURE CONCEALS SOME HIDDEN DOOR-WAY!



ALL THESE GADGETS SEEM OF THE REGULAR SORT...AND NO DOOR LEADS TO ANY SECRET ROOM OR CORRIDOR!



I STILL THINK THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERY IS IN THIS VERY HOUSE! BUT SO FAR I'VE NOT FOUND IT!



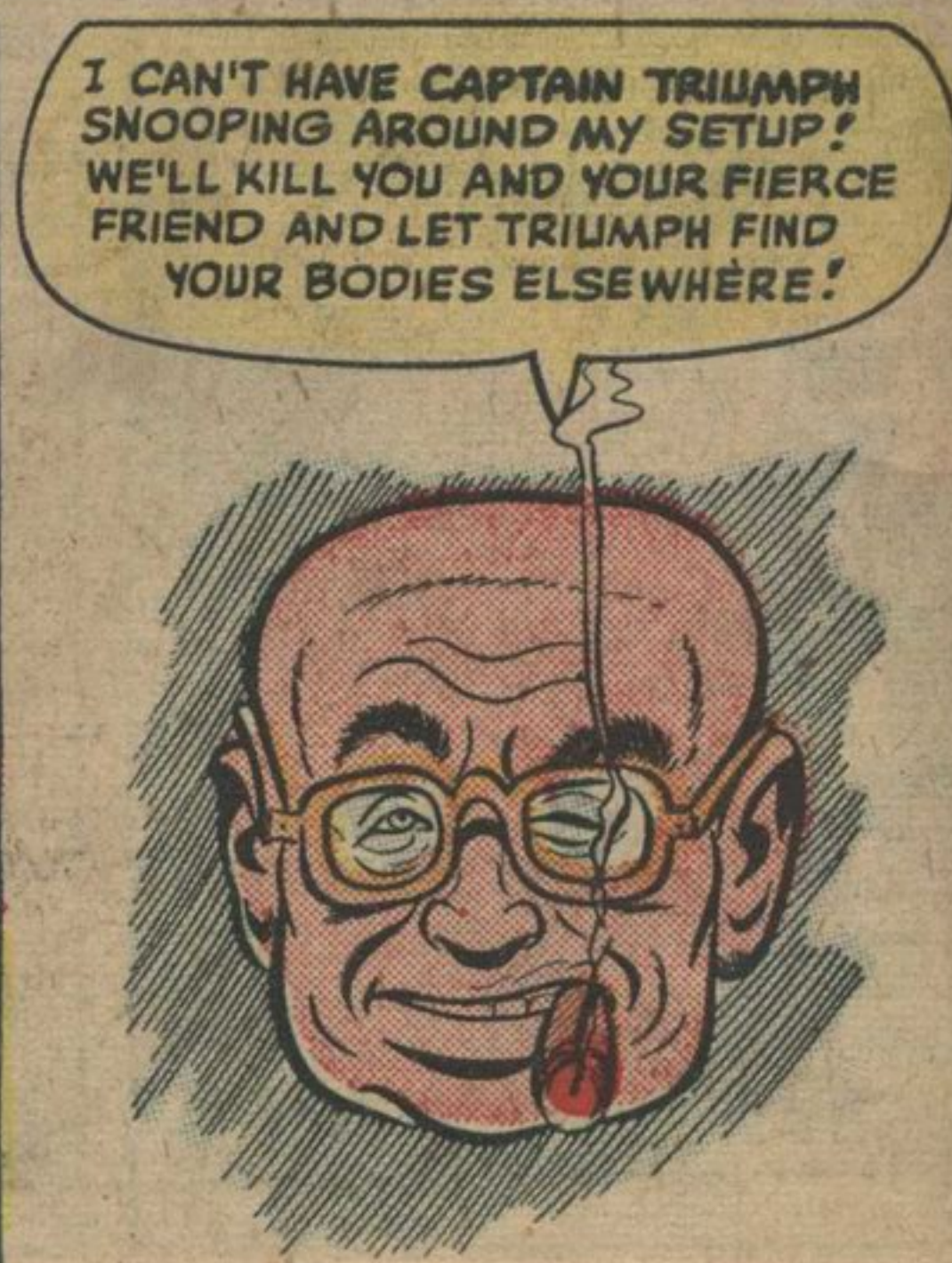
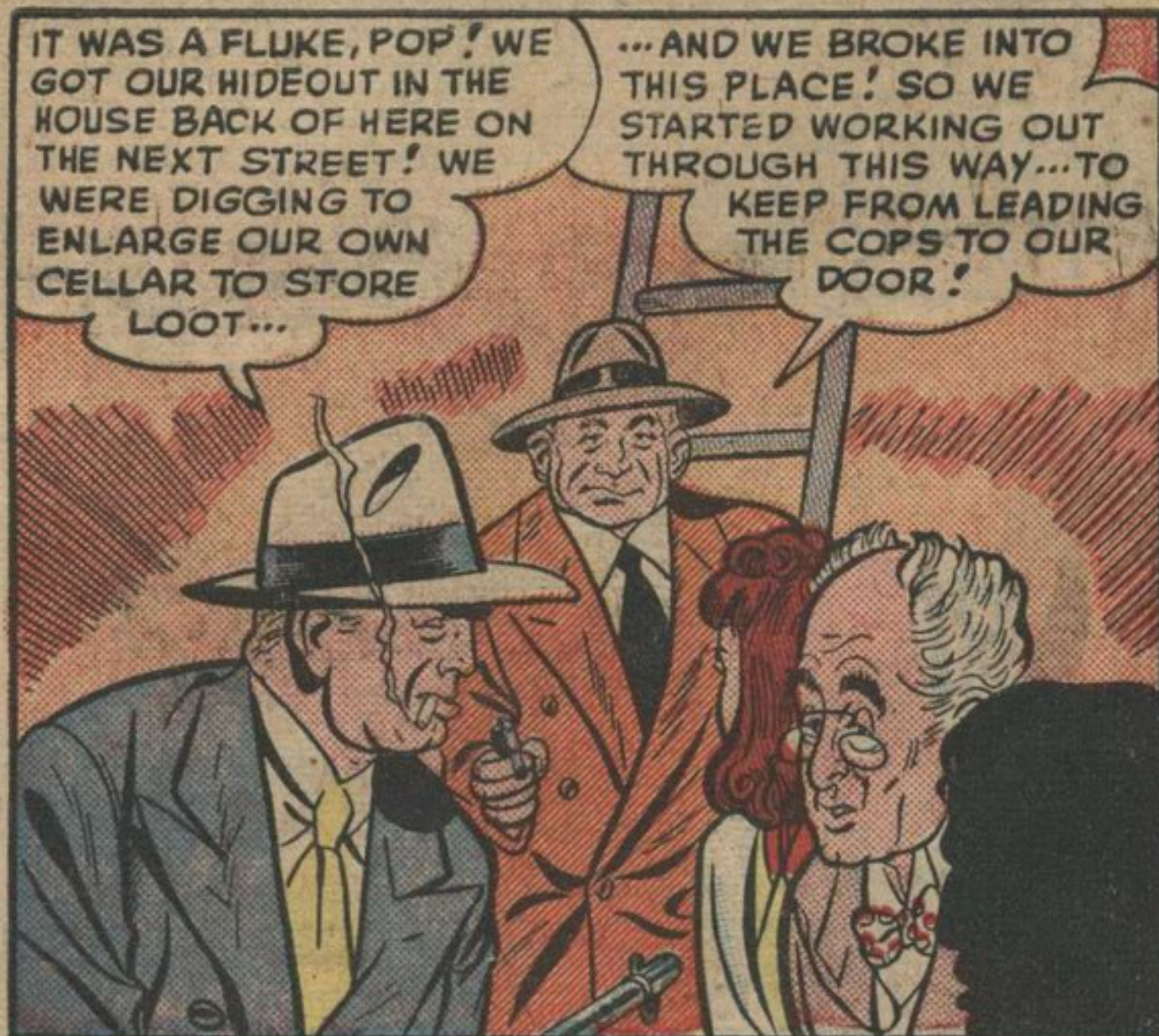
EVERYTHING SEEMS AS NORMAL AND NATURAL AS THAT LITTLE FLOWER! YET...MAYBE THEY AREN'T MORE THAN A DOZEN FEET AWAY!

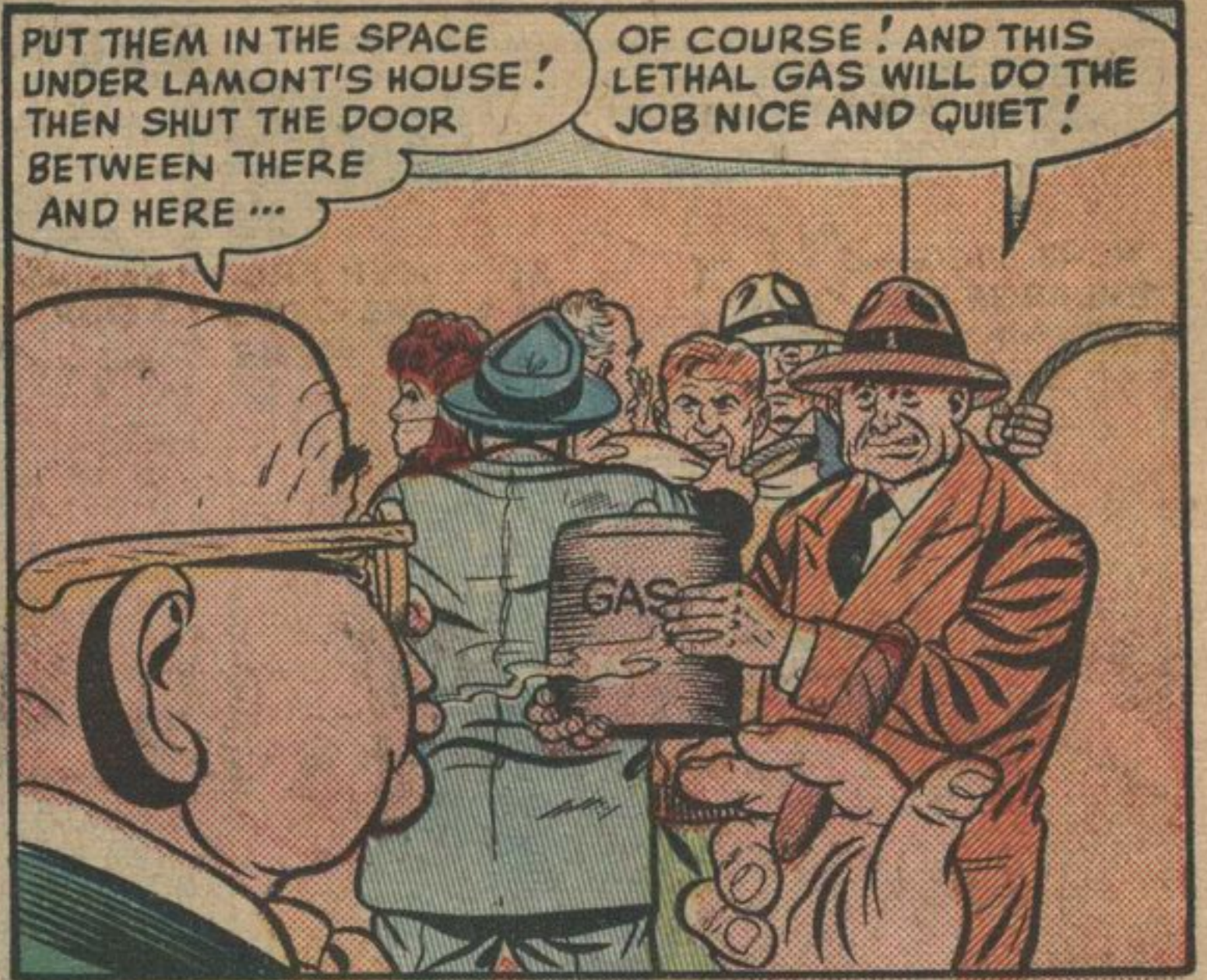


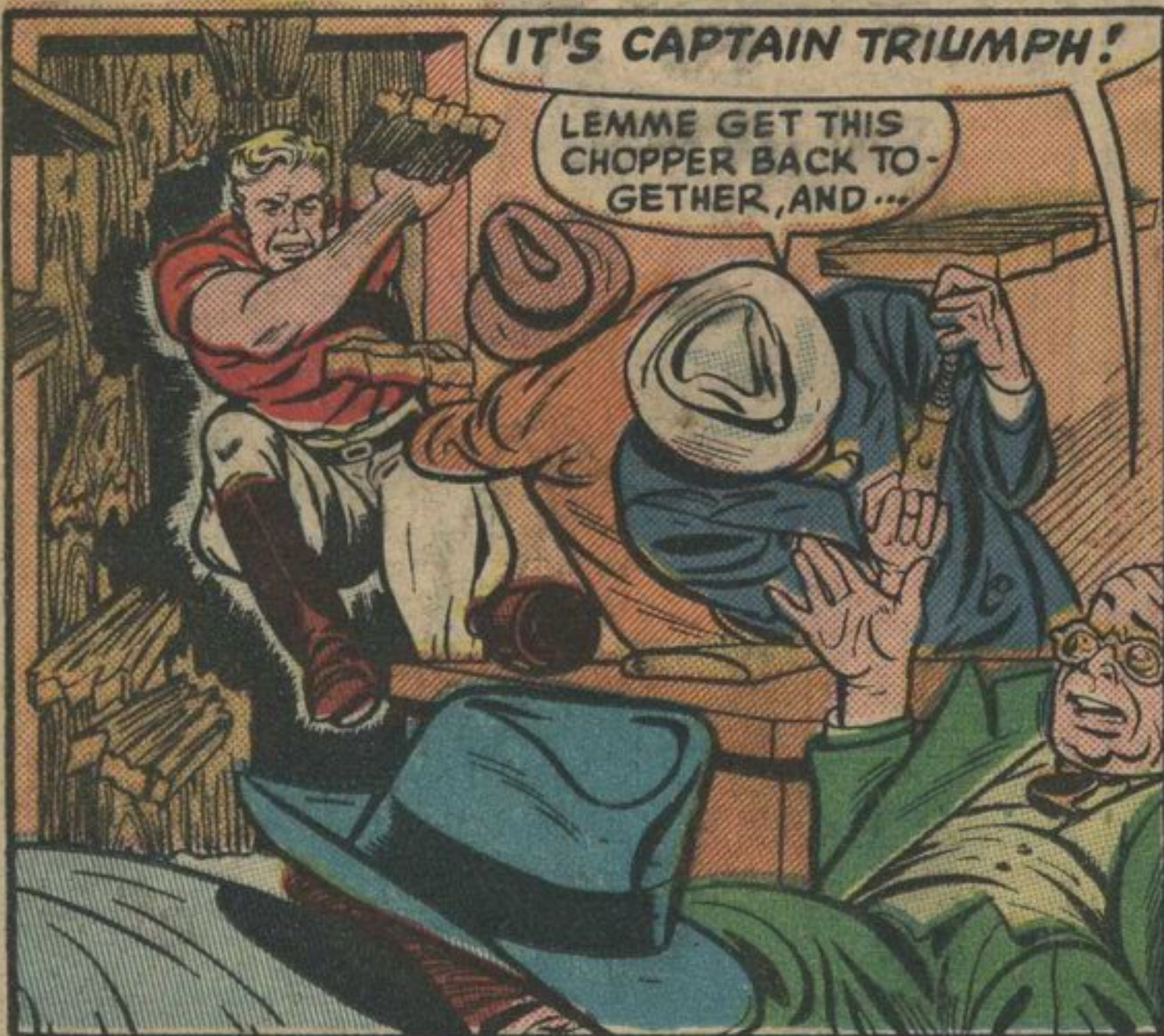
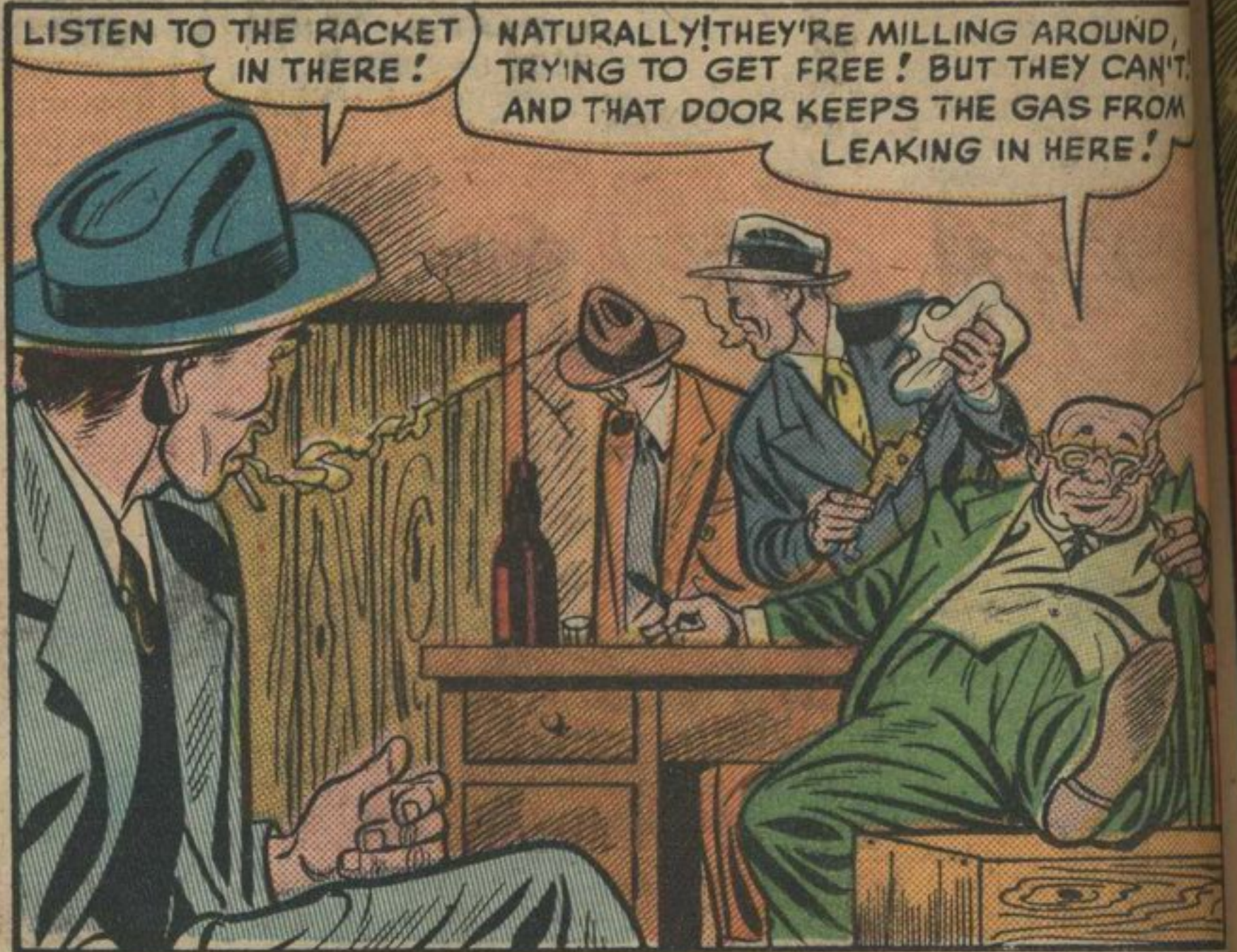
At that moment...

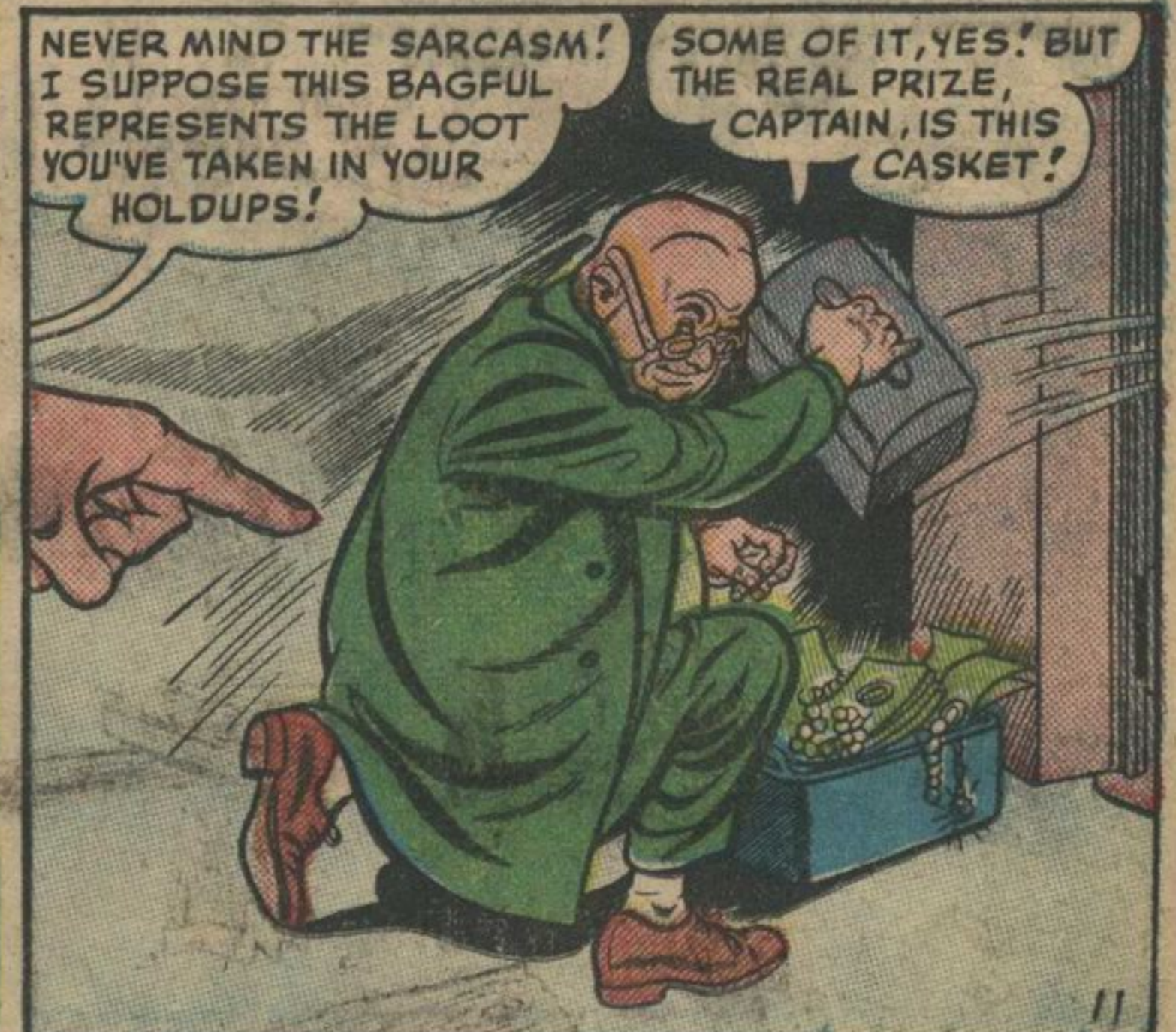
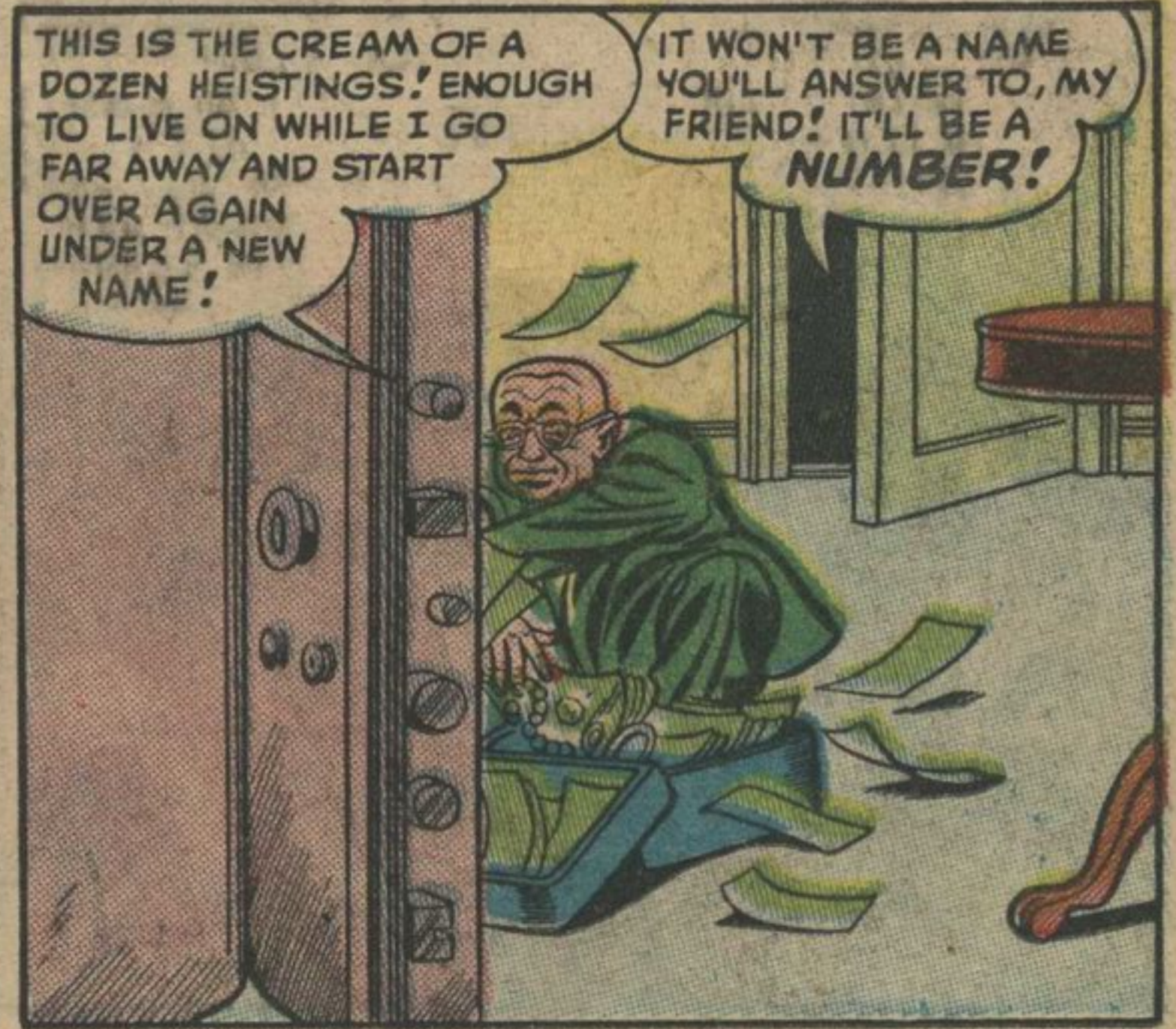
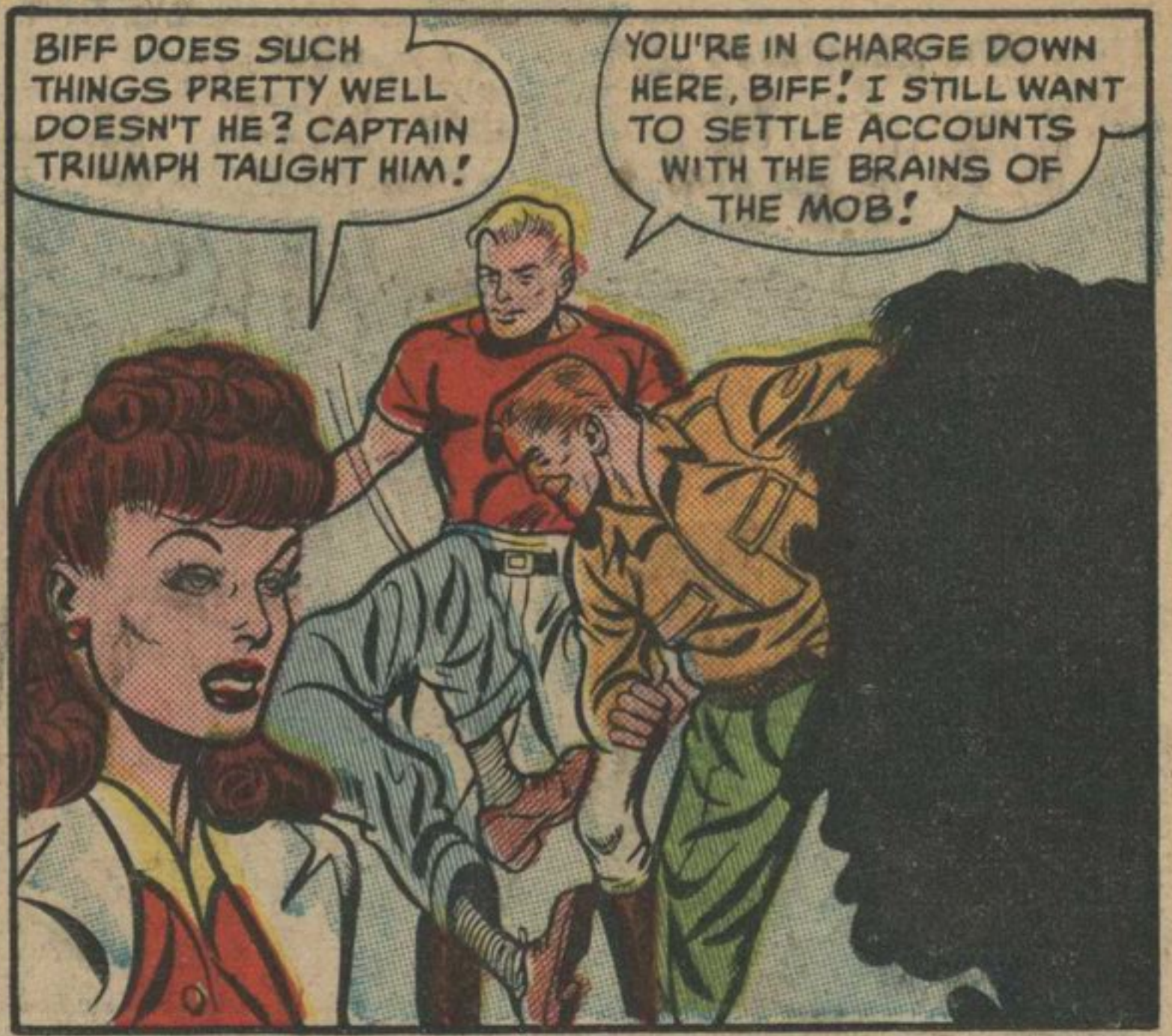
NOT A SOUND UNTIL THAT HEAVY-FOOTED COP, OR WHOEVER IT IS, QUITS CLUMPING AROUND OVER OUR HEADS!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND! FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE LIVED IN THIS HOUSE AND NEVER KNEW ABOUT THIS CELLAR, BUT YOU MEN KNOW IT...AND USE ITS SECRET ENTRANCE!

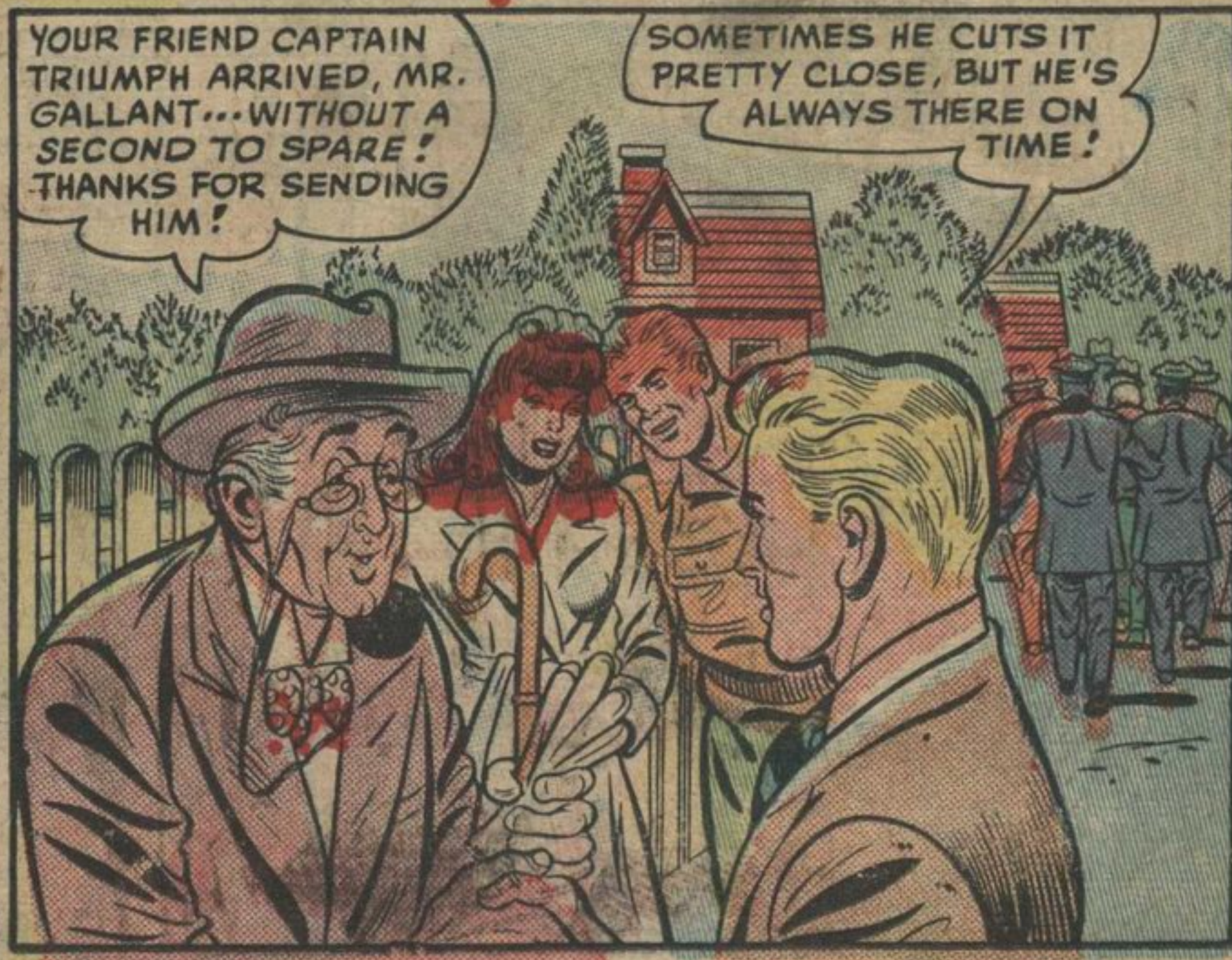
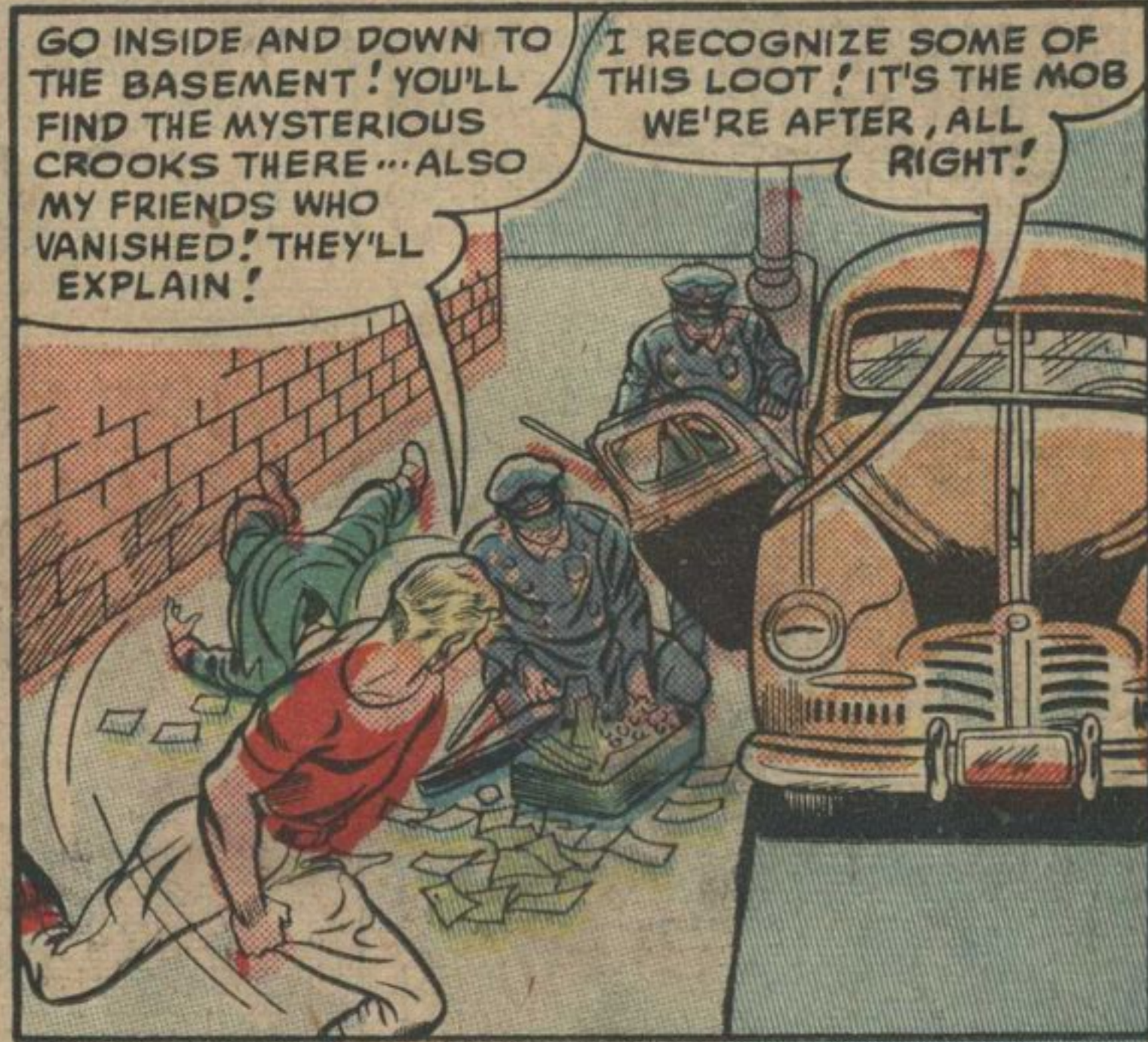




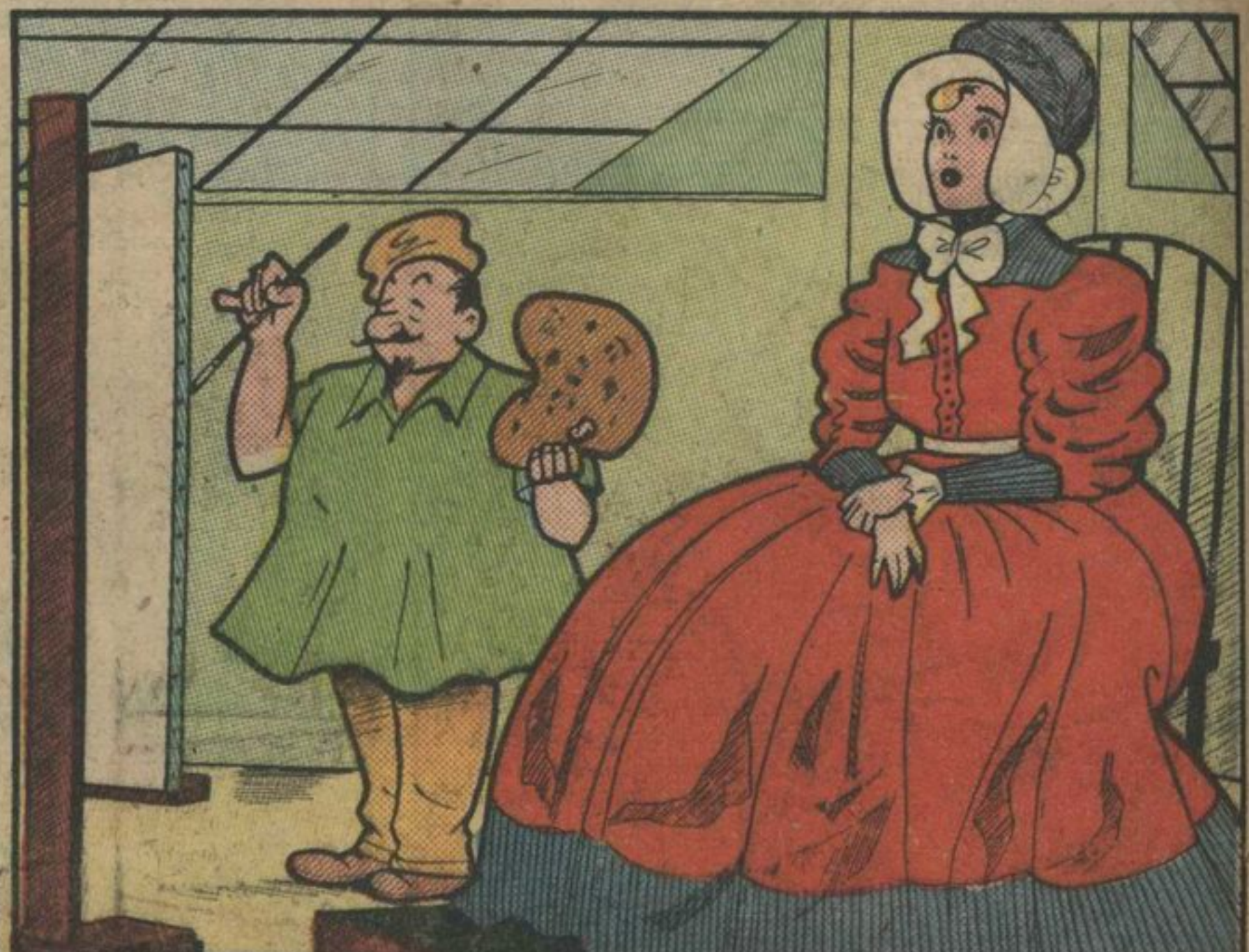
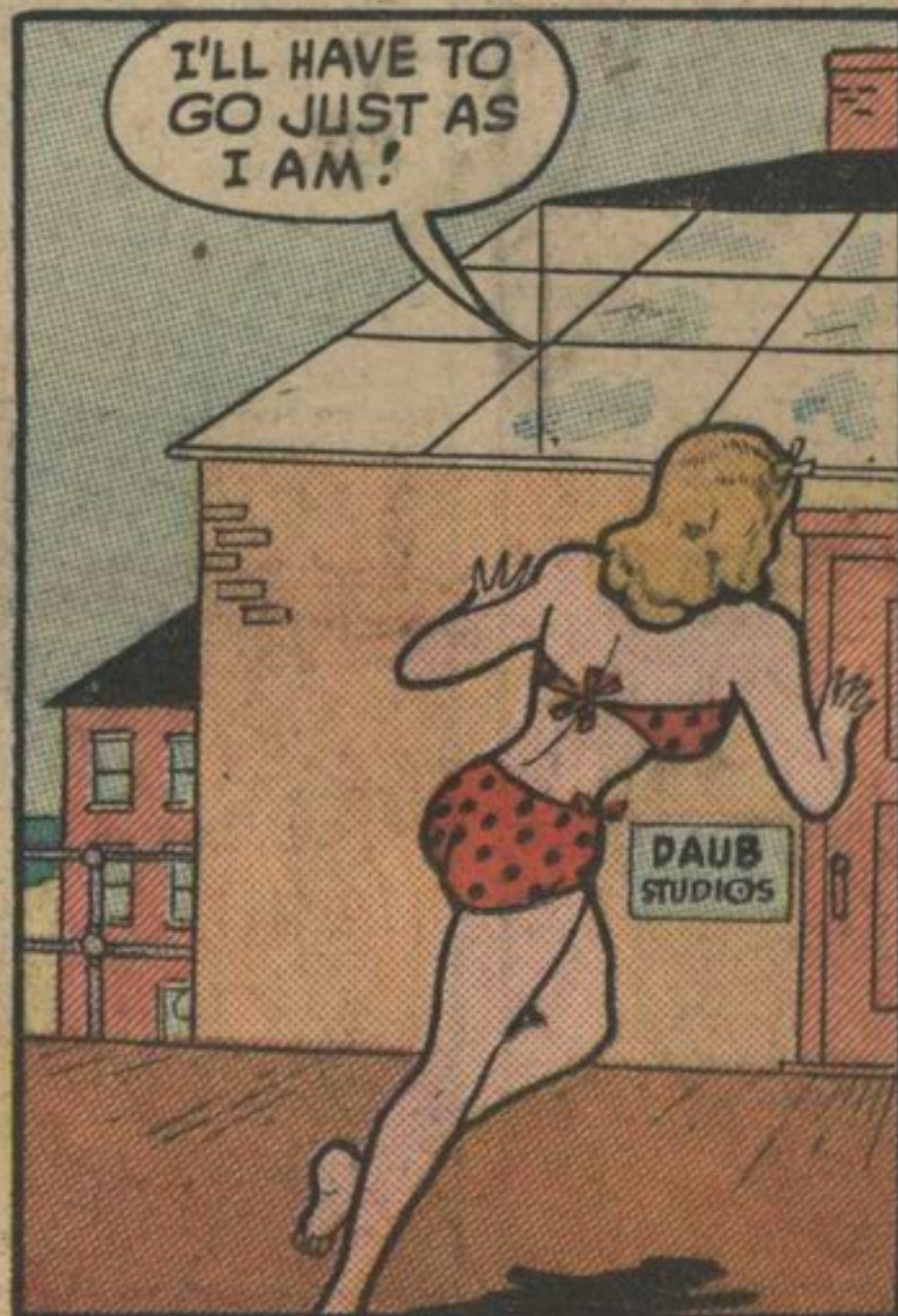




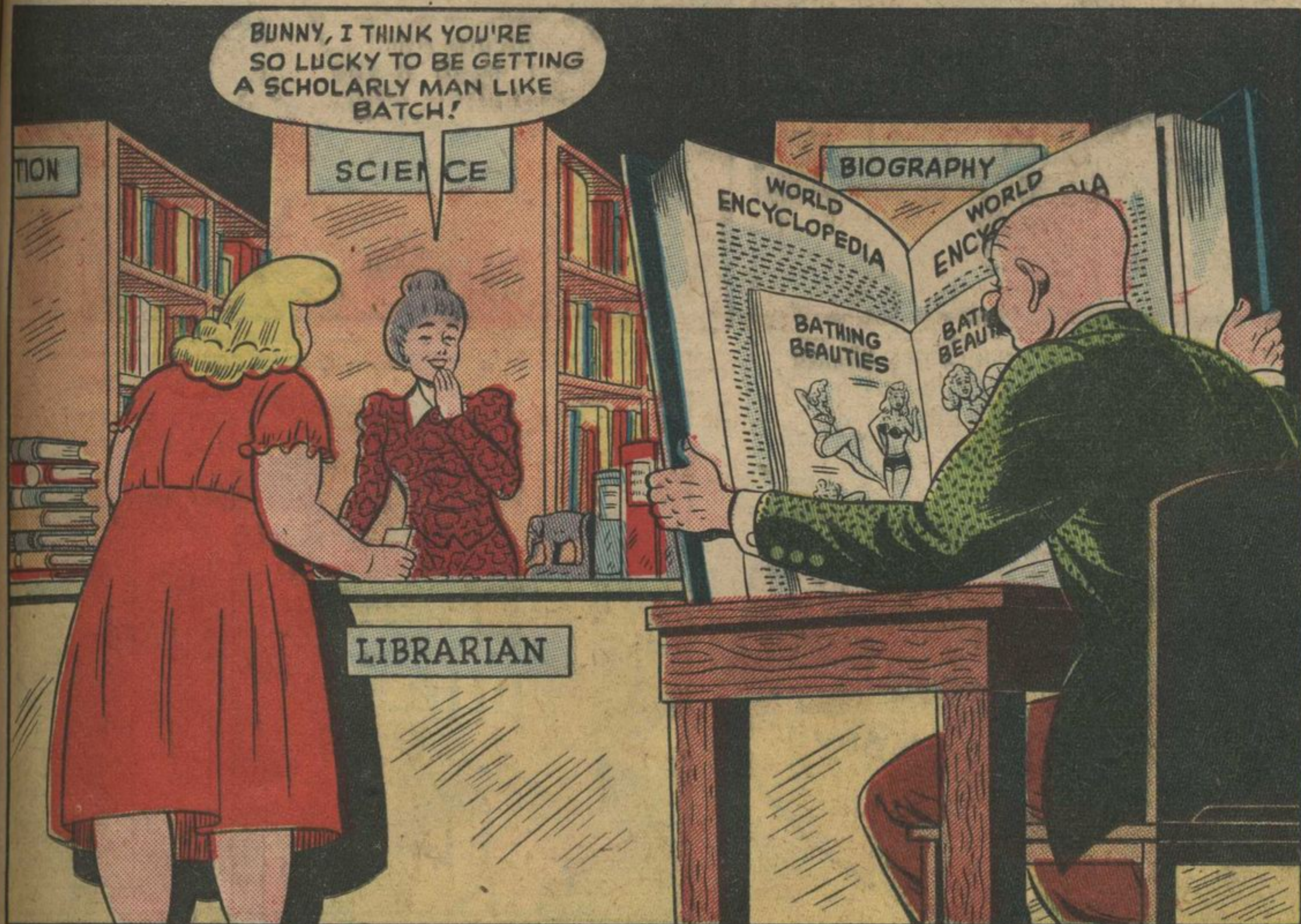




Molly the Model



Batch Bachelor





MEANWHILE, BATCH, YOU MAY AS WELL FIND A BOOK AND LEARN SOMETHING, TOO!

BUT I ONCE READ A BOOK!



OH WELL, I'LL SEE WHAT'S AROUND!

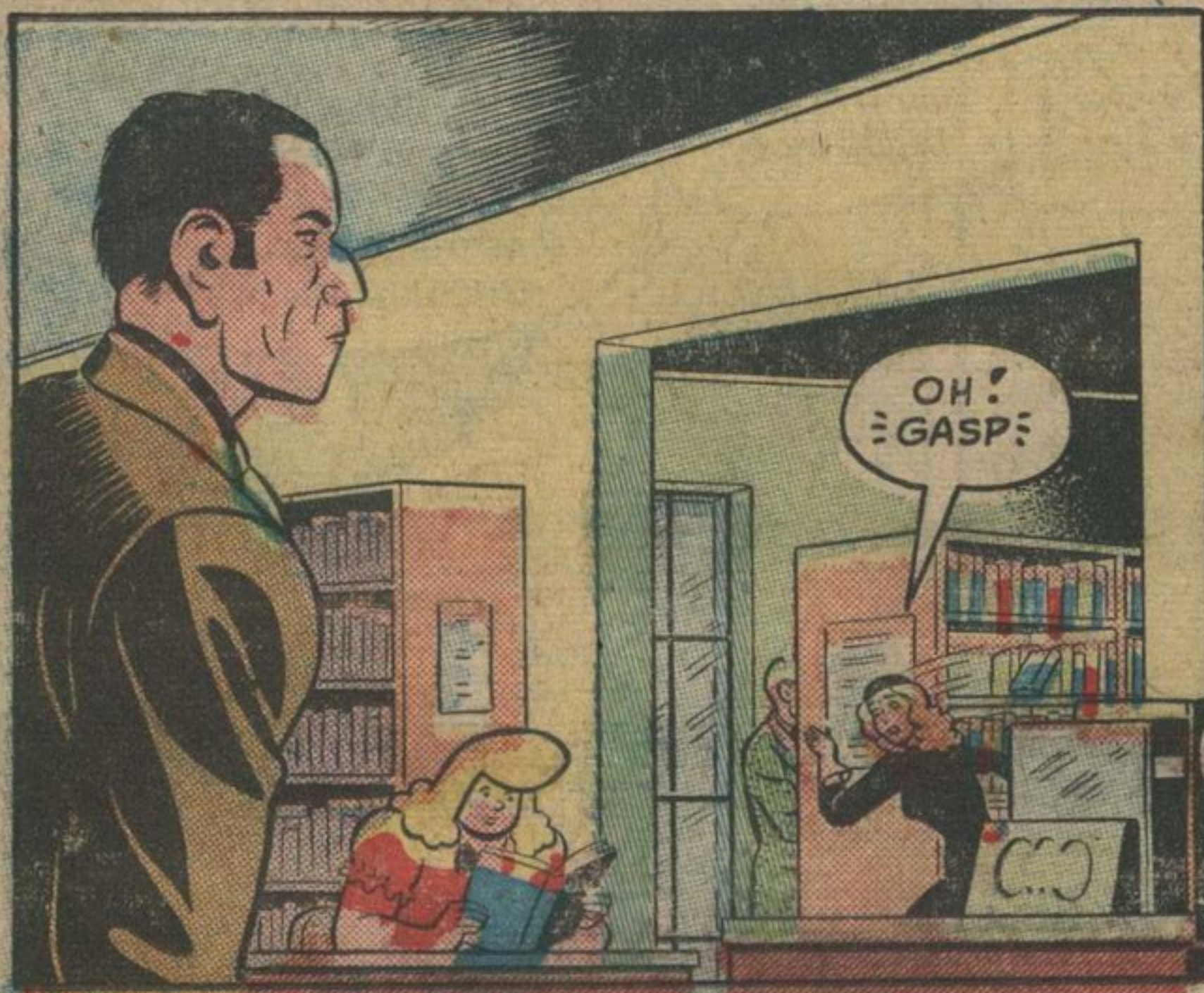


I WONDER WHAT THIS IS ABOUT! MAYBE IT'S ONE OF THOSE SHOOTING, GAMBLING STORIES!



HMM! THERE'S A FINE-LOOKING EDITION!

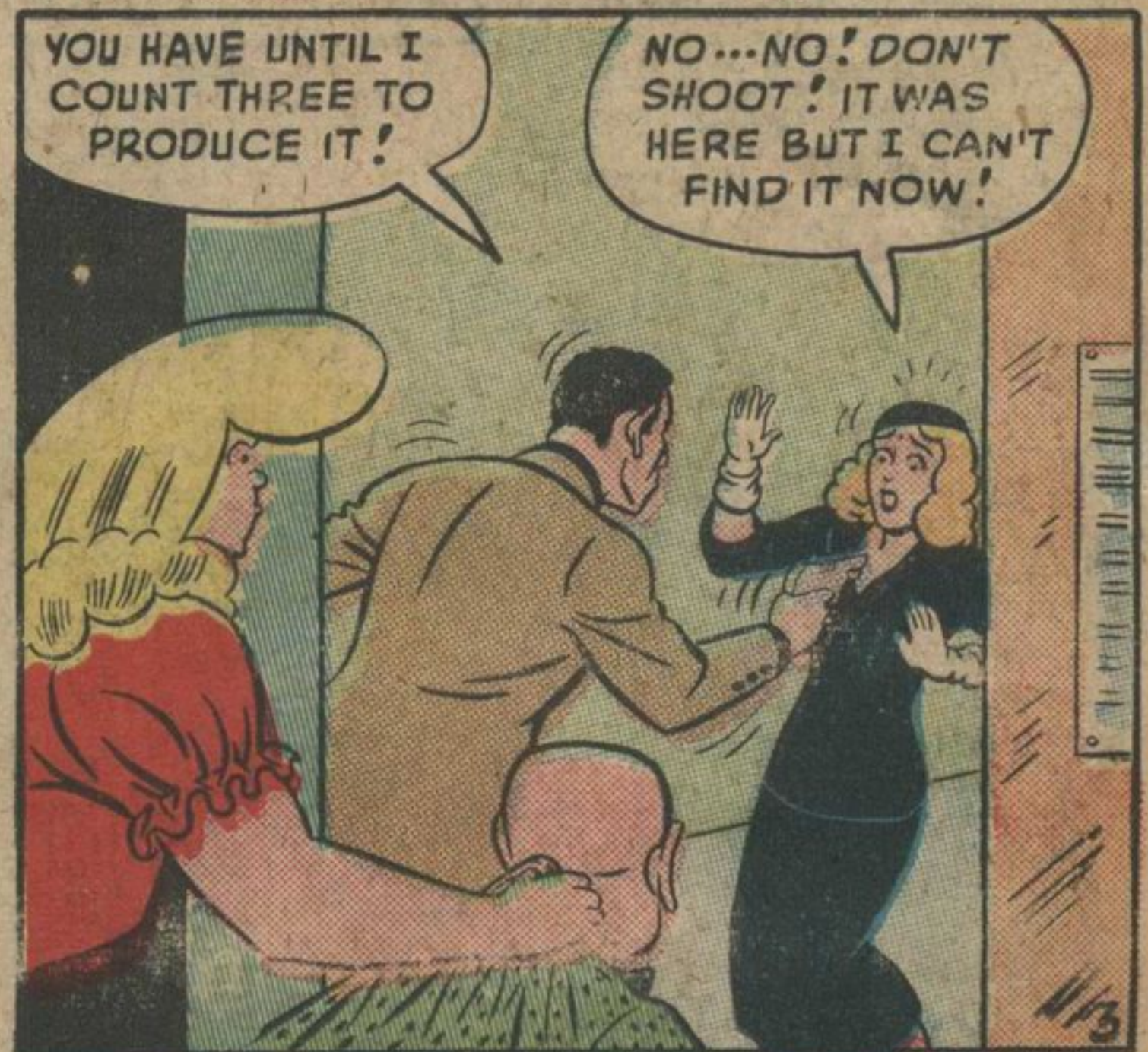
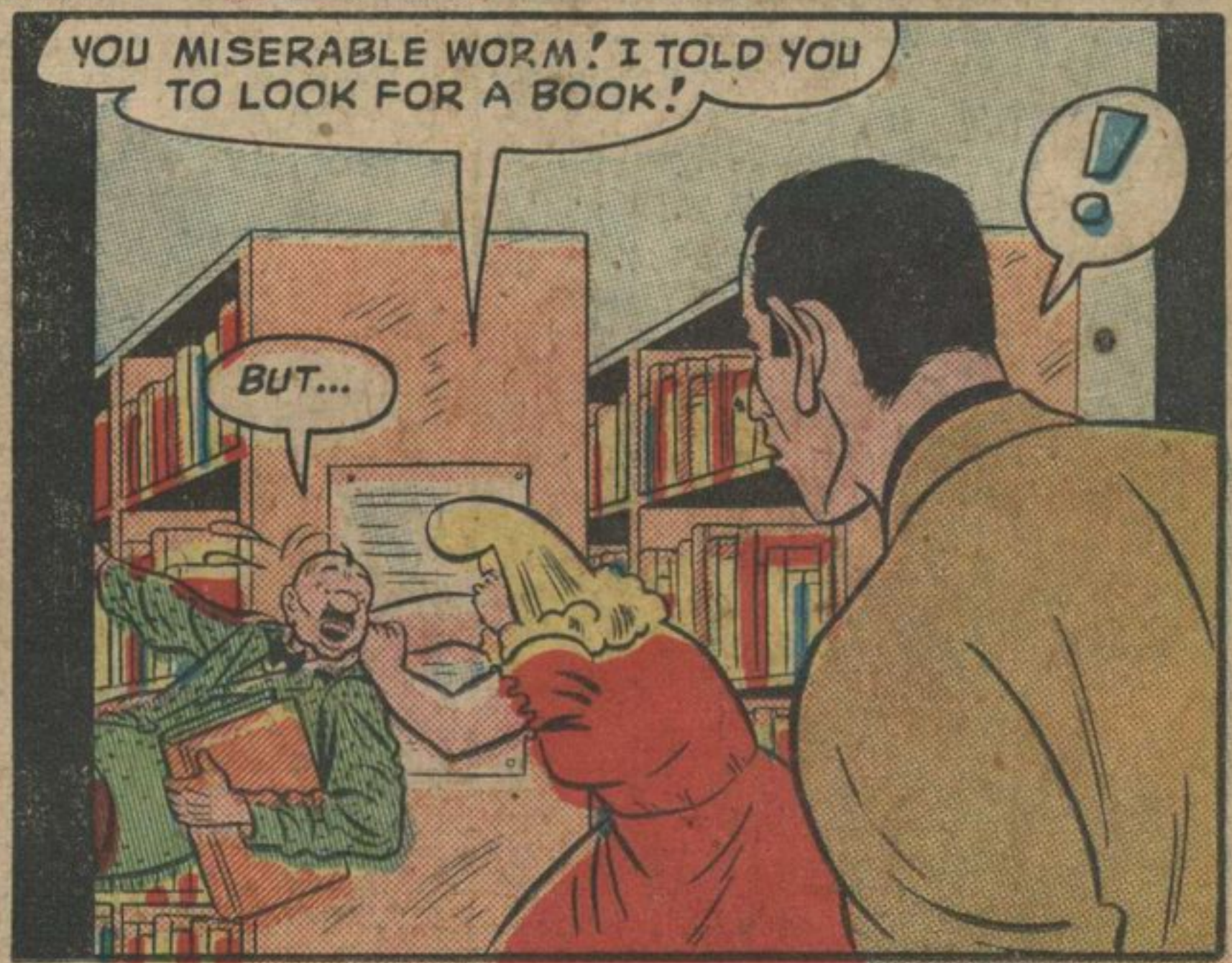
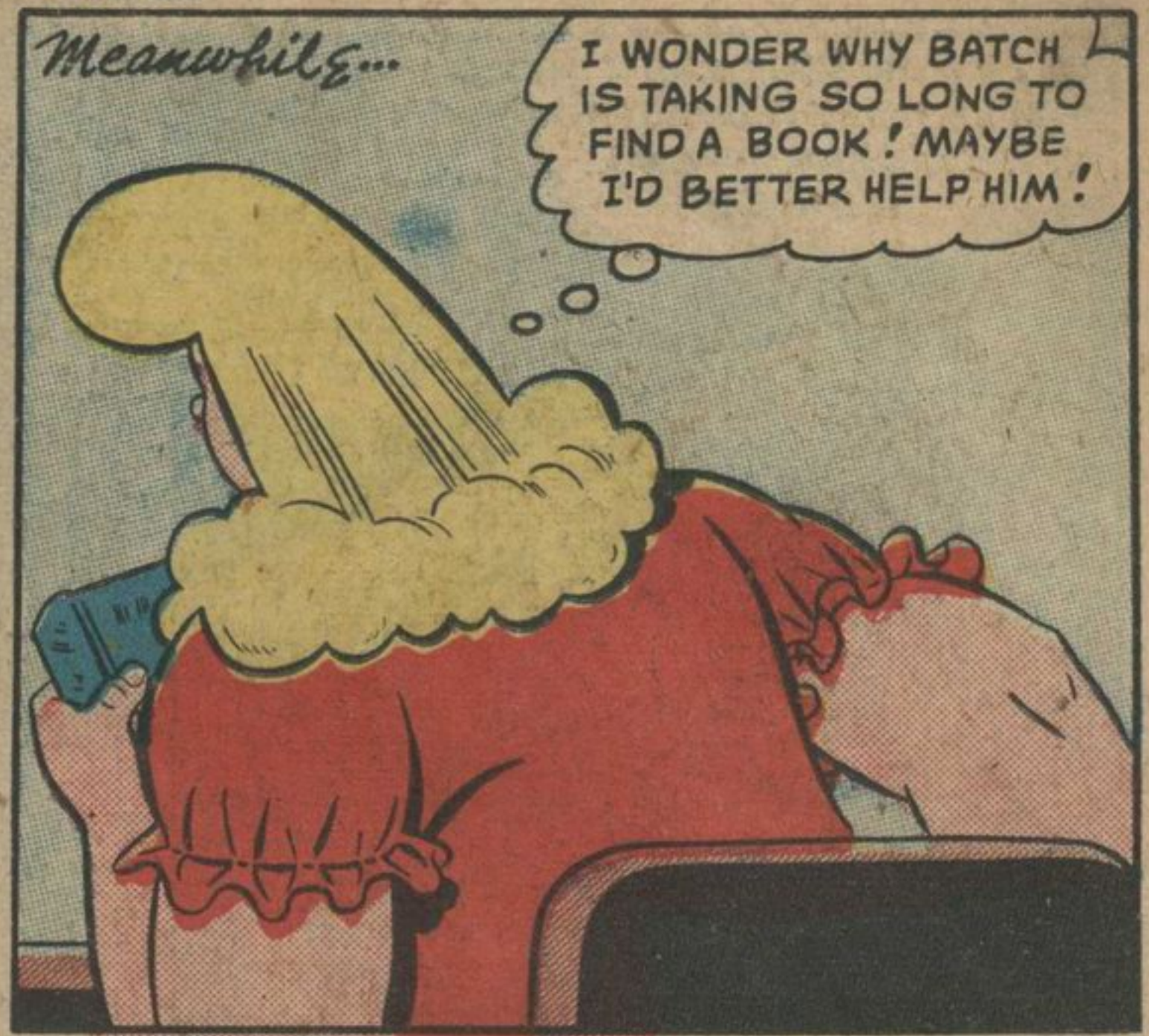
I CAN'T FIND IT! MAYBE IT'S GONE!

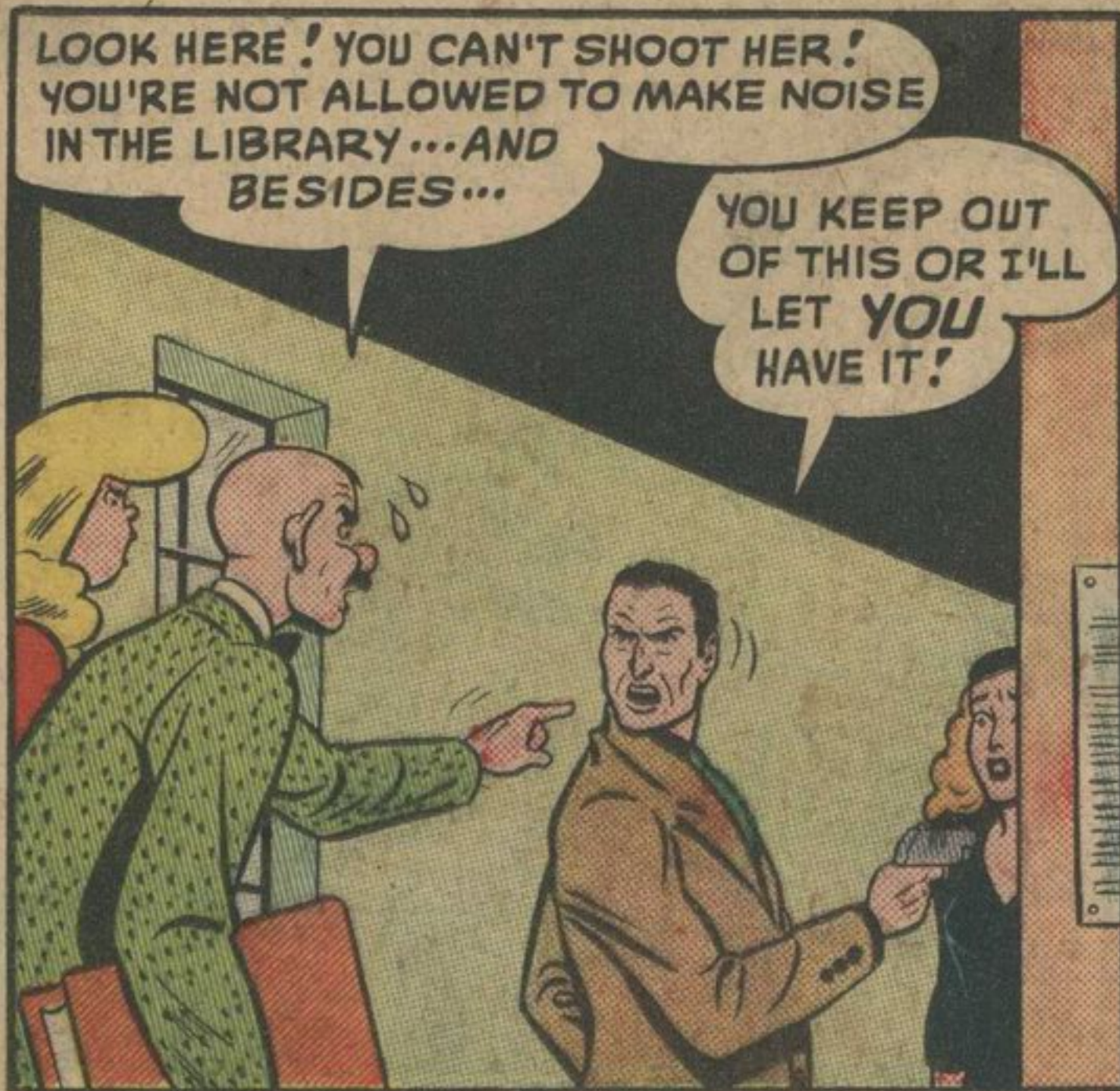


OH! GASP!



OH PLEASE, YOU MUST HIDE ME!







HACK O'HARA

*Romance...Adventure...
Mystery...*

They're all flagging
down the taxi driven
by husky, handsome
HACK O'HARA



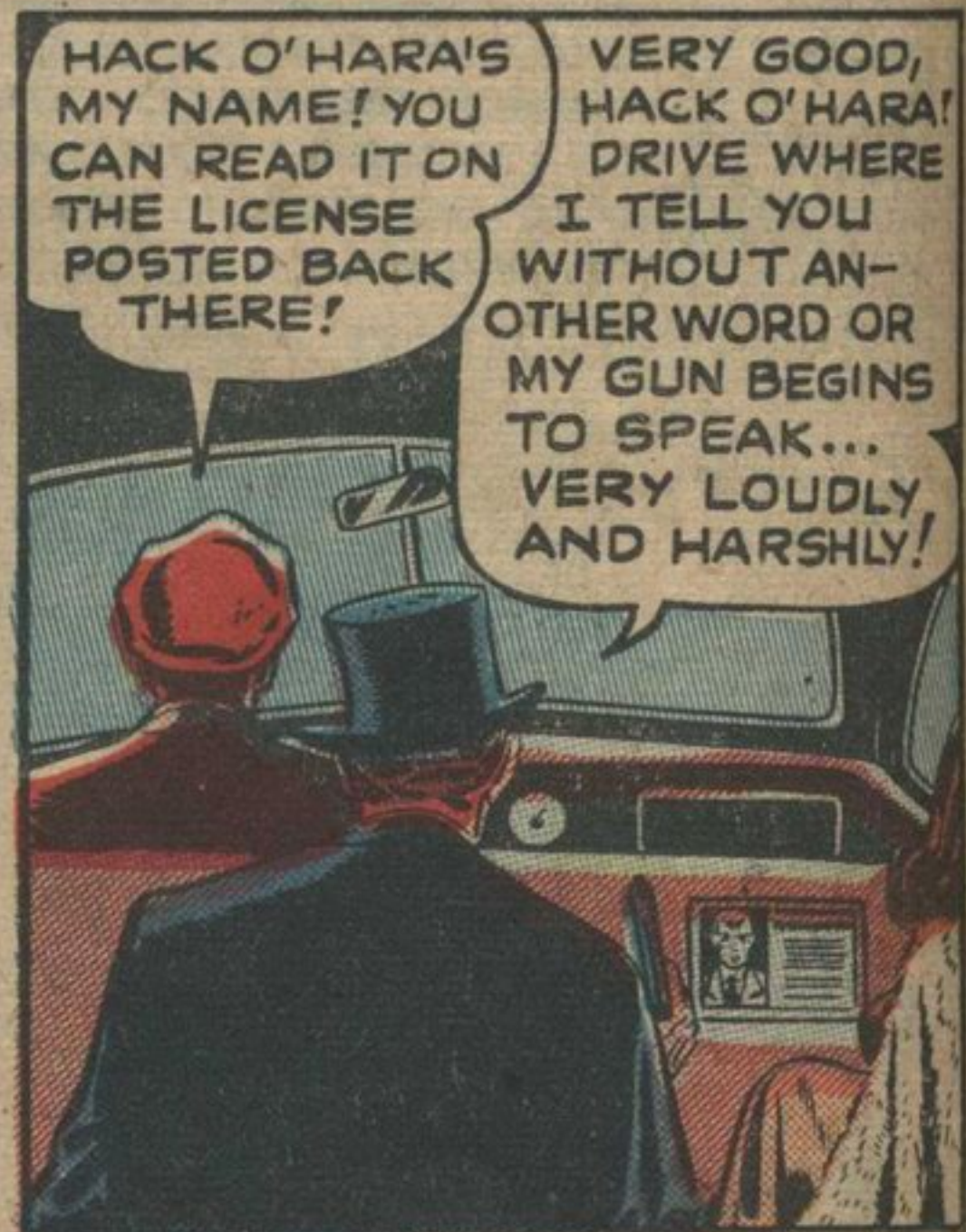
CAB,
SIR?

THANKS! DRIVE AT
ONCE TO THE
RAIKES ESTATE!
STRAIGHT OUT
PRINCE ROAD FOR
TWO MILES!



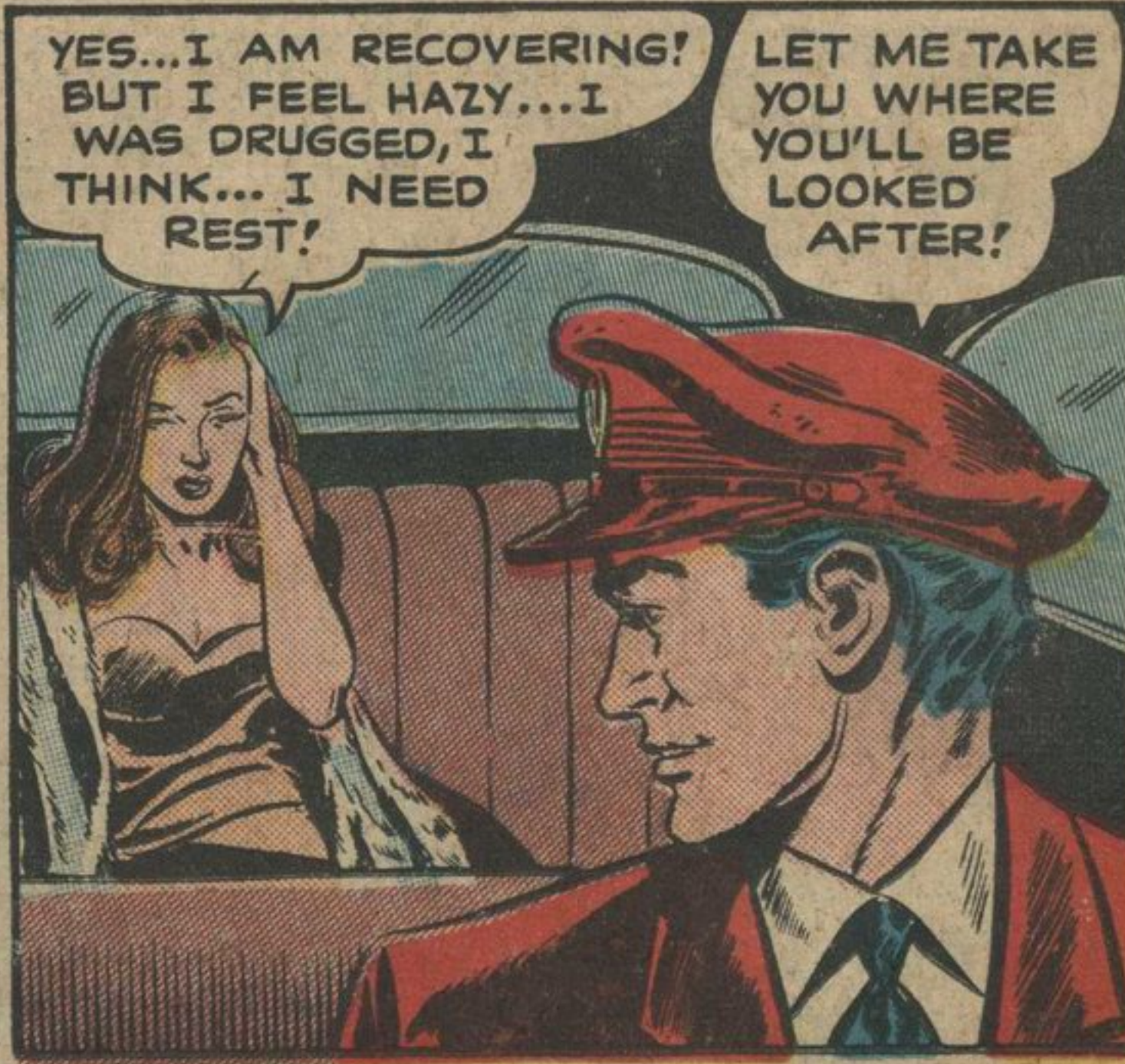
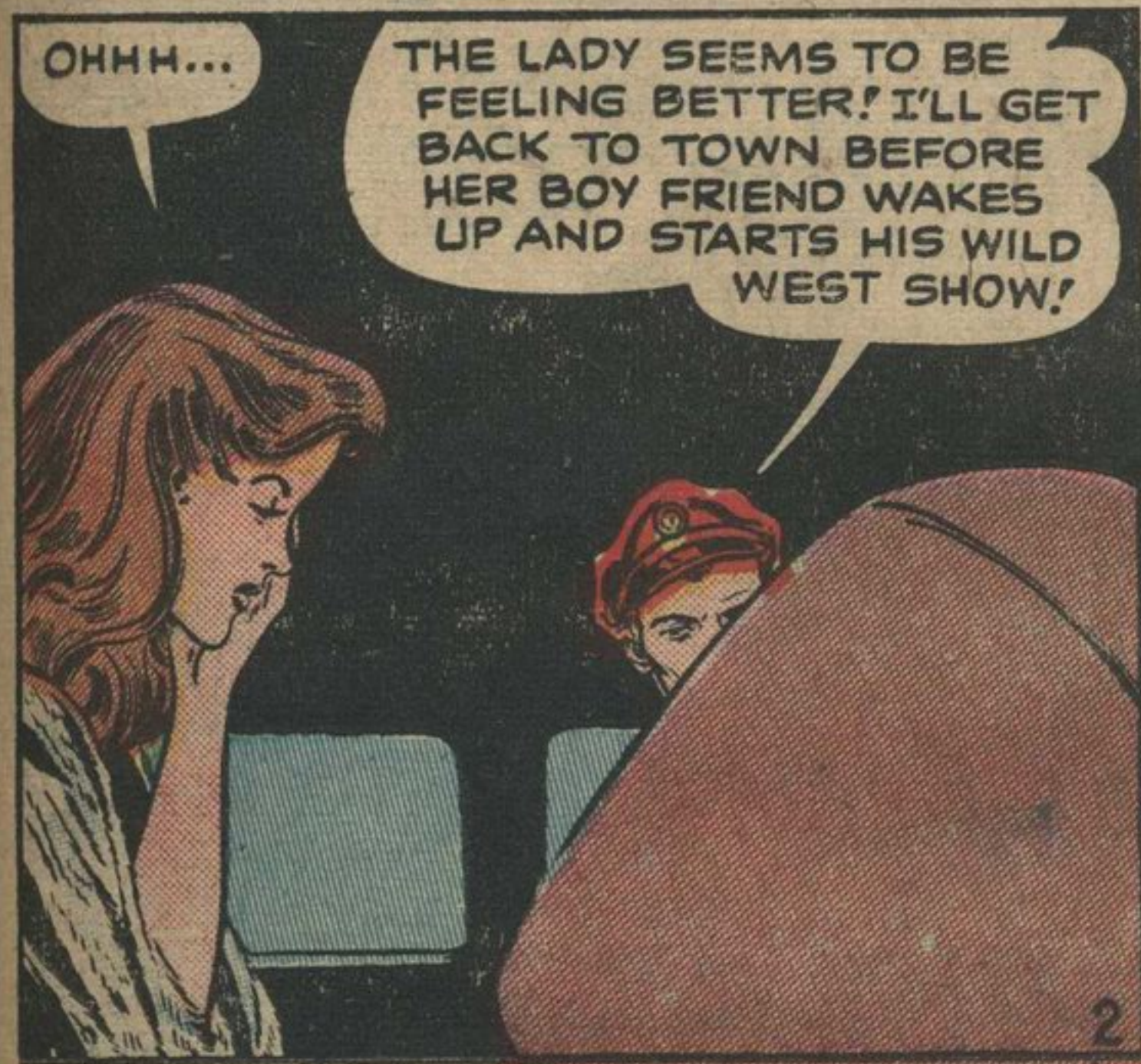
IF THE LADY'S
HURT OR SICK,
DOUGHTN'T I
DRIVE HER TO
A DOCTOR?

I DIDN'T
ASK FOR
YOUR
ADVICE,
WHATEVER
YOUR NAME
IS!

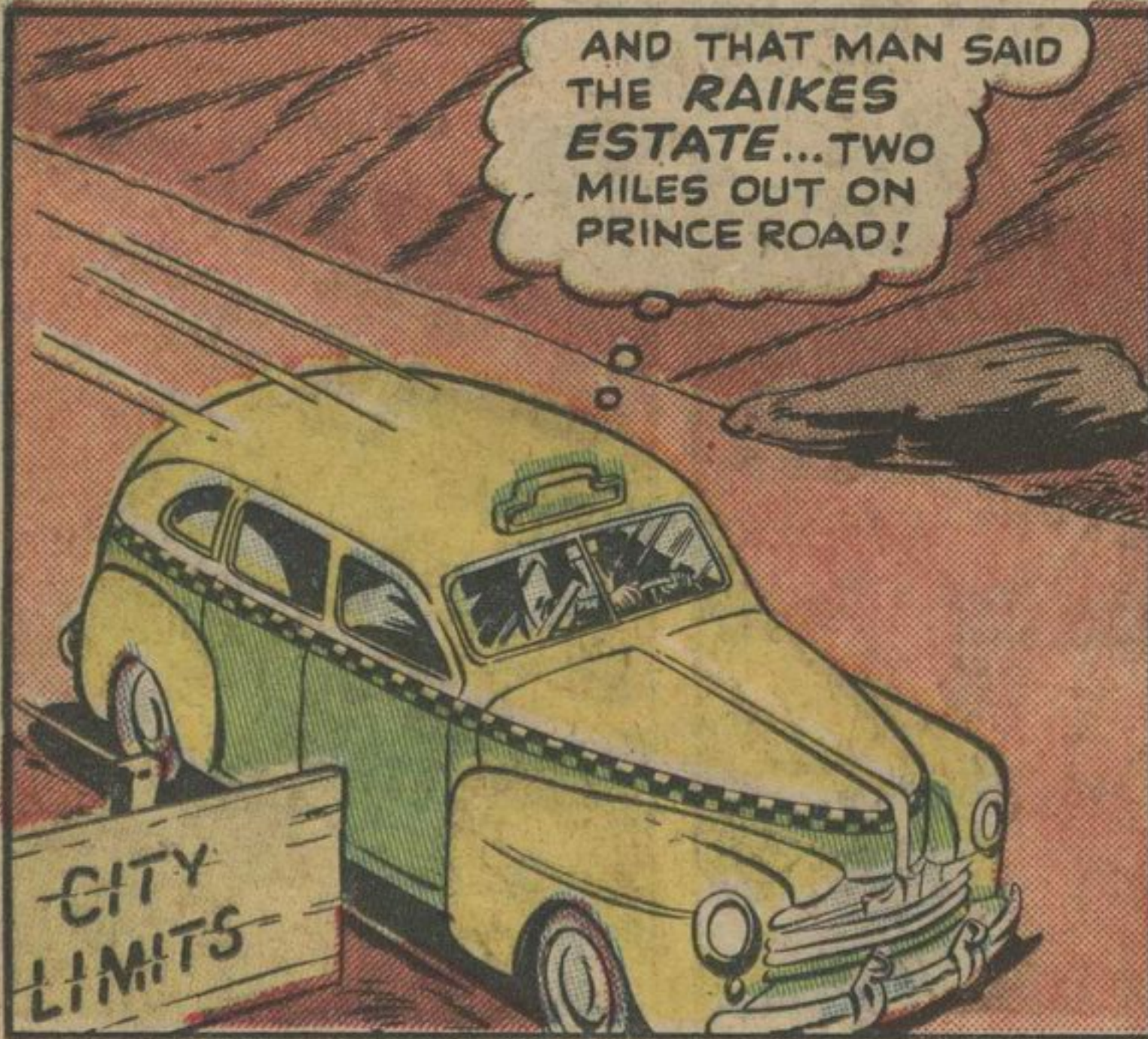


HACK O'HARA'S
MY NAME! YOU
CAN READ IT ON
THE LICENSE
POSTED BACK
THERE!

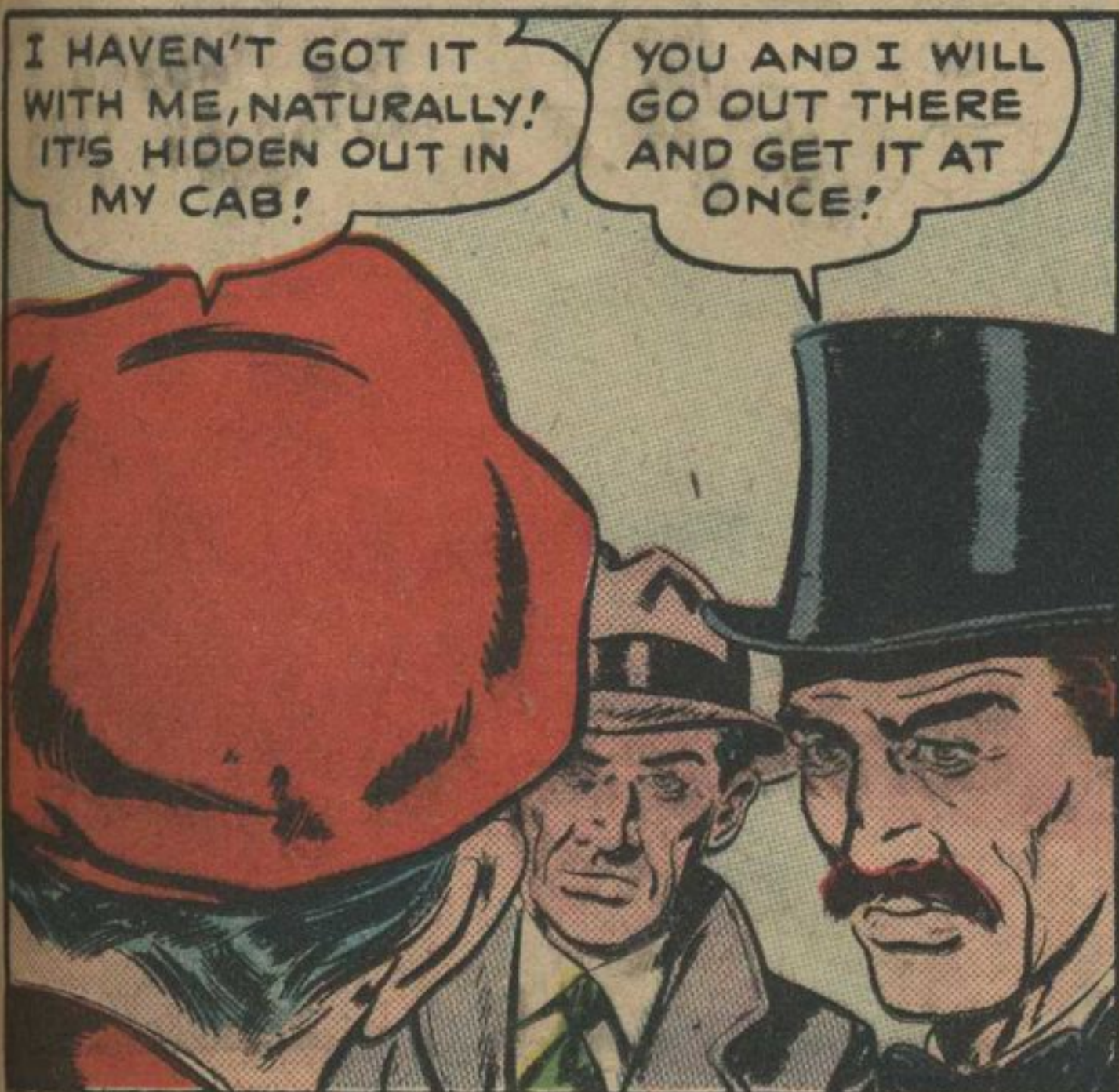
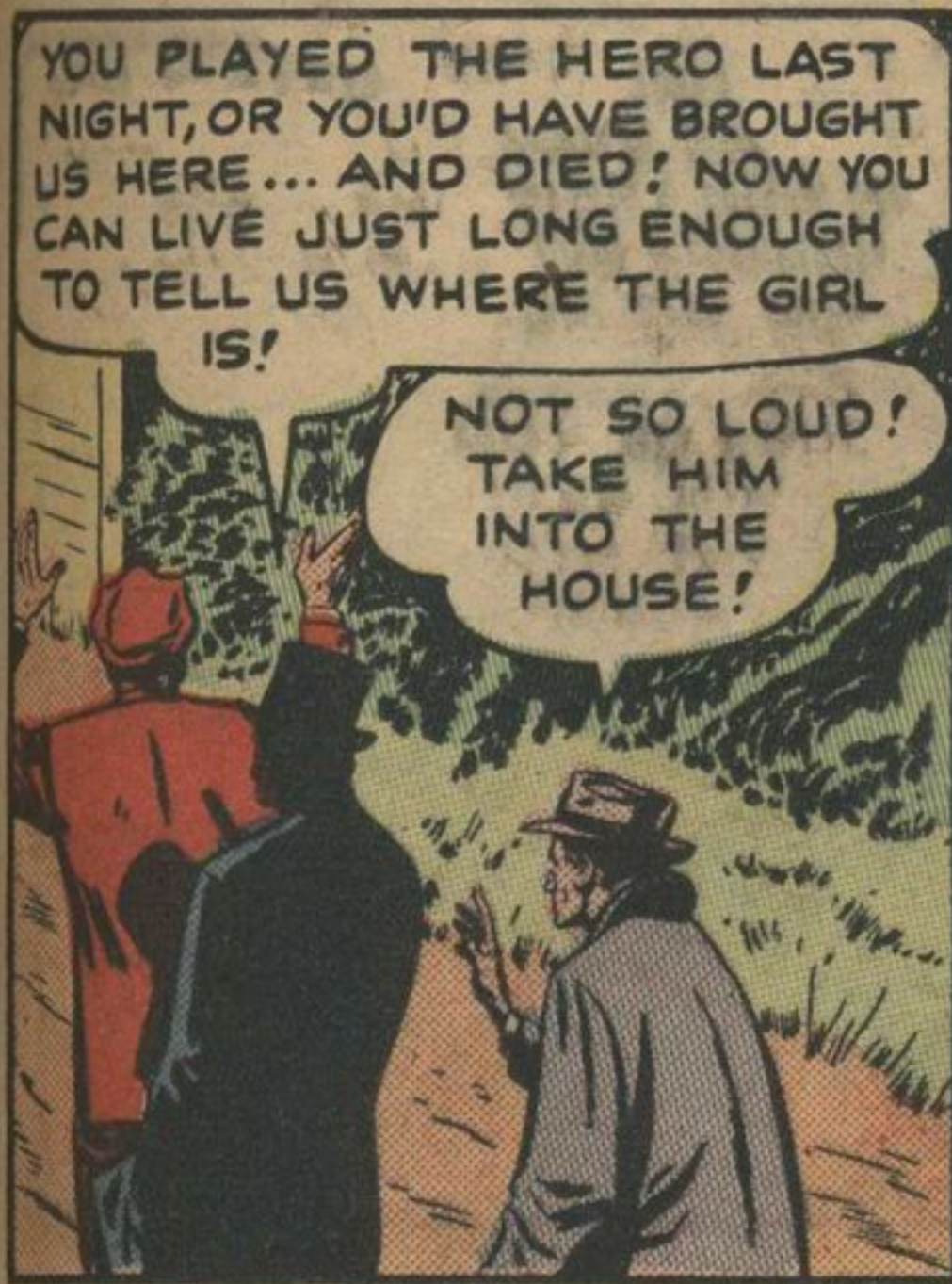
VERY GOOD,
HACK O'HARA!
DRIVE WHERE
I TELL YOU
WITHOUT AN-
OTHER WORD OR
MY GUN BEGINS
TO SPEAK...
VERY LOUDLY
AND HARSHLY!



CRACK COMICS



CRACK COMICS





CRACK COMICS



WATER GRAVE

"I DON'T get this business at all," Biff growled. "We rent a fancy speedboat that'll do an easy thirty, and spend all afternoon just drifting around while Kim poses in a bathing suit and you sit in the bow wearing a phony beard."

Lance Gallant chuckled at his burly friend. "It's a hunch I'm playing, Biff. Four wealthy sportsmen have vanished from their craft on this lake. I suspect foul play so we're being bait in a trap."

Kim shook out her beautiful hair. "I understand all that, Lance, but how can it be foul play in the middle of a lake in broad daylight? Witnesses swear there was no boat near the ones where the men vanished. And this resort lake isn't big enough for a submarine."

"It could be," Lance said cryptically. "Maybe we'll find out."

Without warning there was an odd swirl in the blue water beyond the bow. Something pale and ghostly shimmered close to the surface of the water and then vanished.

"Don't look," Lance warned softly. "Pretend you didn't see a thing. I think we're getting a nibble and I don't want to scare our fish away."

Again the odd swirl came, this time almost under the bow. Lance, watching from a corner of his eye, saw the same hazy figure coming up from the depths and he set himself for what he felt sure would be the sudden grasp of clawed hands jerking him overboard. "My hunch is right," he whispered. "It is a man, swimming under water."

The next instant a weird figure shot from the water. He caught a glimpse of a hideous, goggled face, claw-like hands outstretched—and then it was Kim, not himself, who shrieked once and vanished into the boiling whirlpool.

Biff was on his feet, roaring his rage, jerking off his shirt. Lance jumped up. "Not you, Biff. This is something no ordinary mortal can handle. Leave it to someone who isn't mortal."

As Biff gaped, Lance touched the odd birthmark on his wrist. At the signal, a shimmering form appeared—the figure of his dead twin brother, Michael—and the next instant the two, spirit and flesh, had blended into the mighty

form of Captain Triumph. With a warning to Biff to stand by, Captain Triumph arched into the air and struck the water with scarcely a splash.

He shot down into the cool, blue-green depths of the lake. A mere mortal would have had difficulty with swimming, with breathing and with seeing, but Captain Triumph was no mere mortal. Like a knife his mighty figure cleaved the waters as his searching eyes peered ahead.

Suddenly he caught sight of his quarry, a weird, man-like creature racing deeper and deeper, dragging the faintly-struggling Kim behind him. A pang of fear shot through Captain Triumph's heart. Kim could not stay much longer under water. Even the struggle of rescuing her might waste the last precious seconds of hope for her revival.

Then suddenly a patch of light showed and the figures ahead vanished from sight. A moment later Captain Triumph was crouching on the sandy bottom, gaping at an incredible sight.

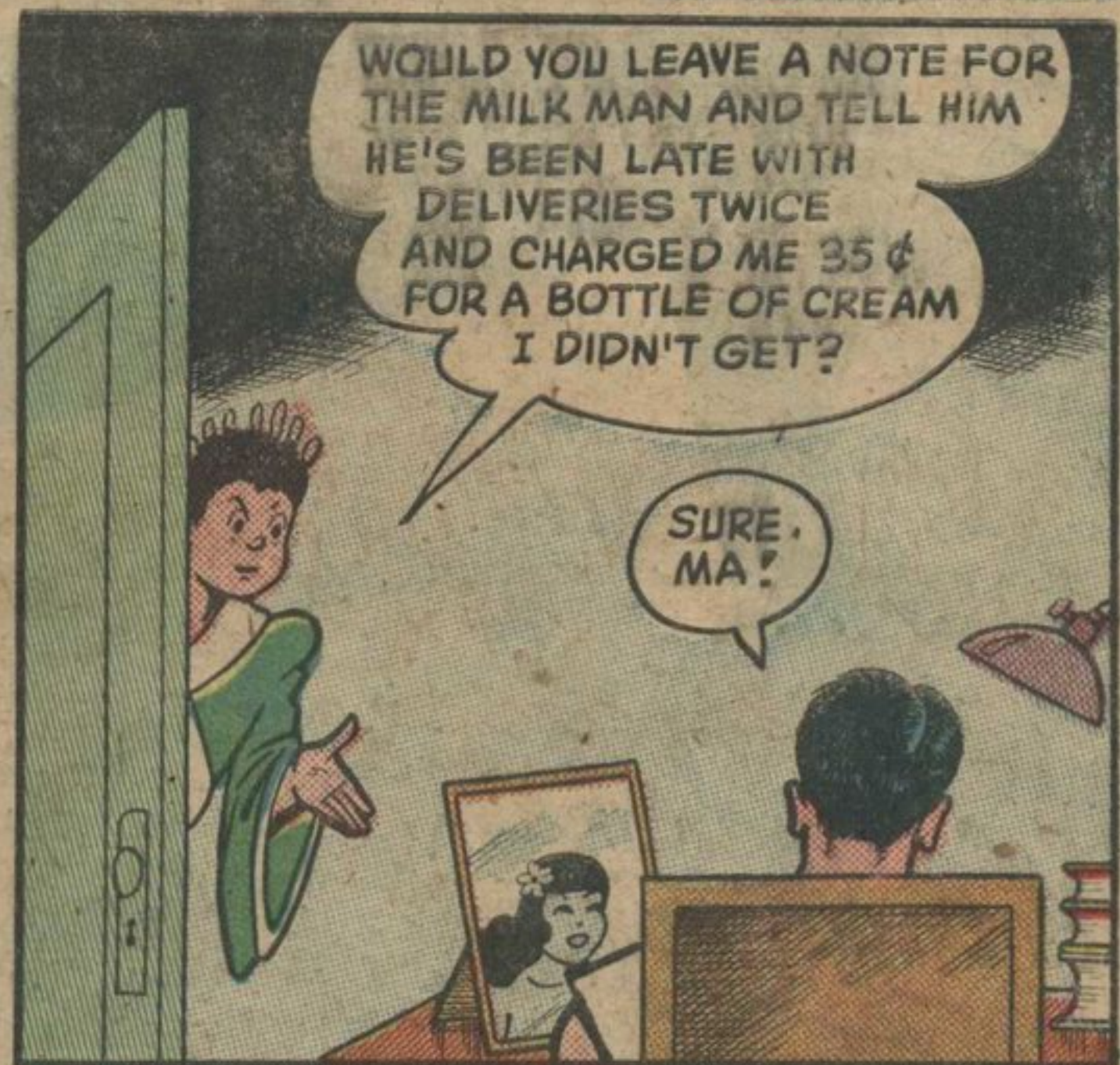
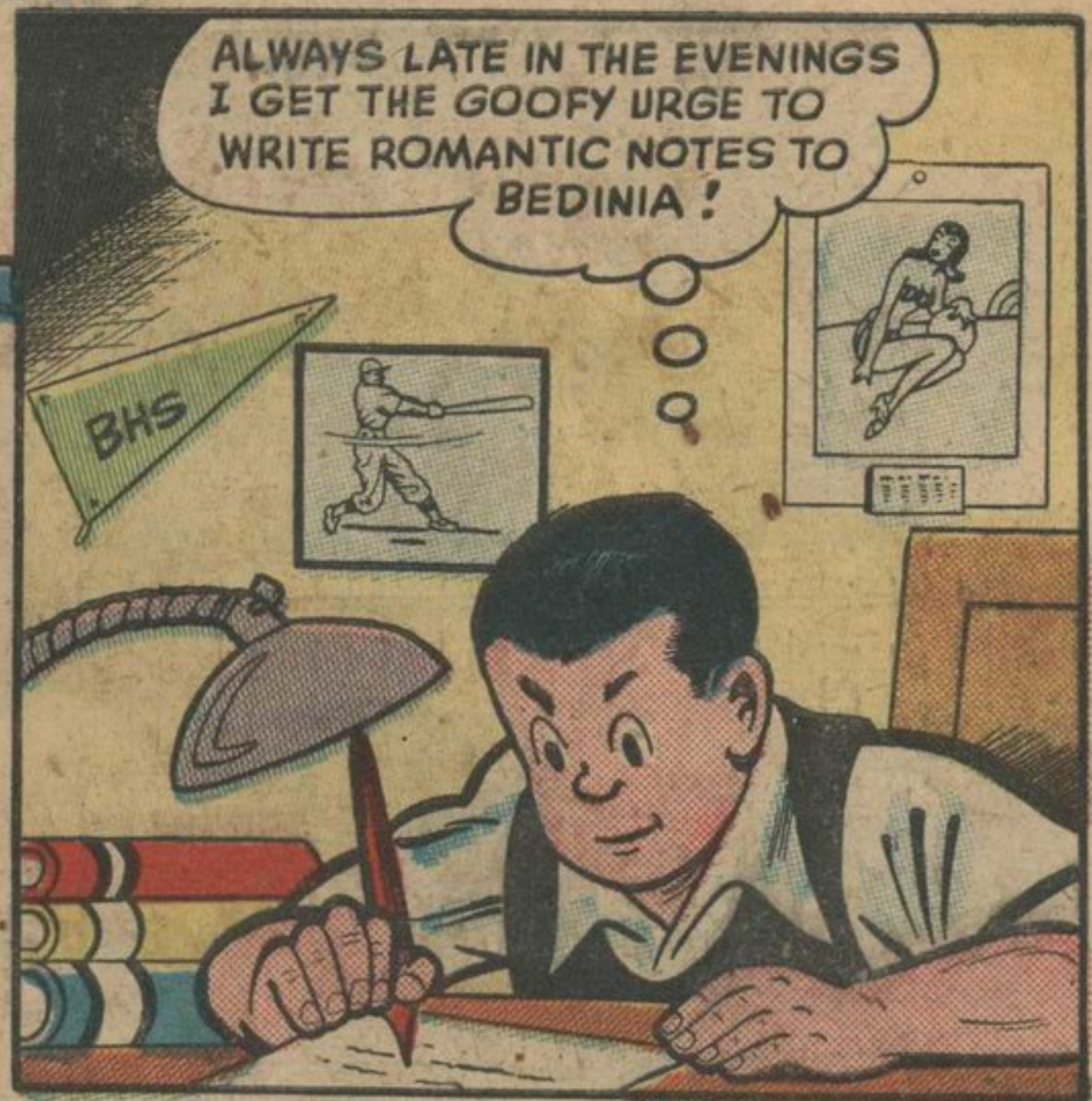
A huge iron boiler lay on the bottom, dropped from the stock used in building the huge dam and power plant that formed this lake. Air pressure within kept the water back from an open hatch beneath and inside, the old boiler had been fitted as a luxurious apartment with electric lights and comfortable furniture. The four missing men were there, bound to chairs at one side, and their captor was placing an inhalator mask over the face of Kim.

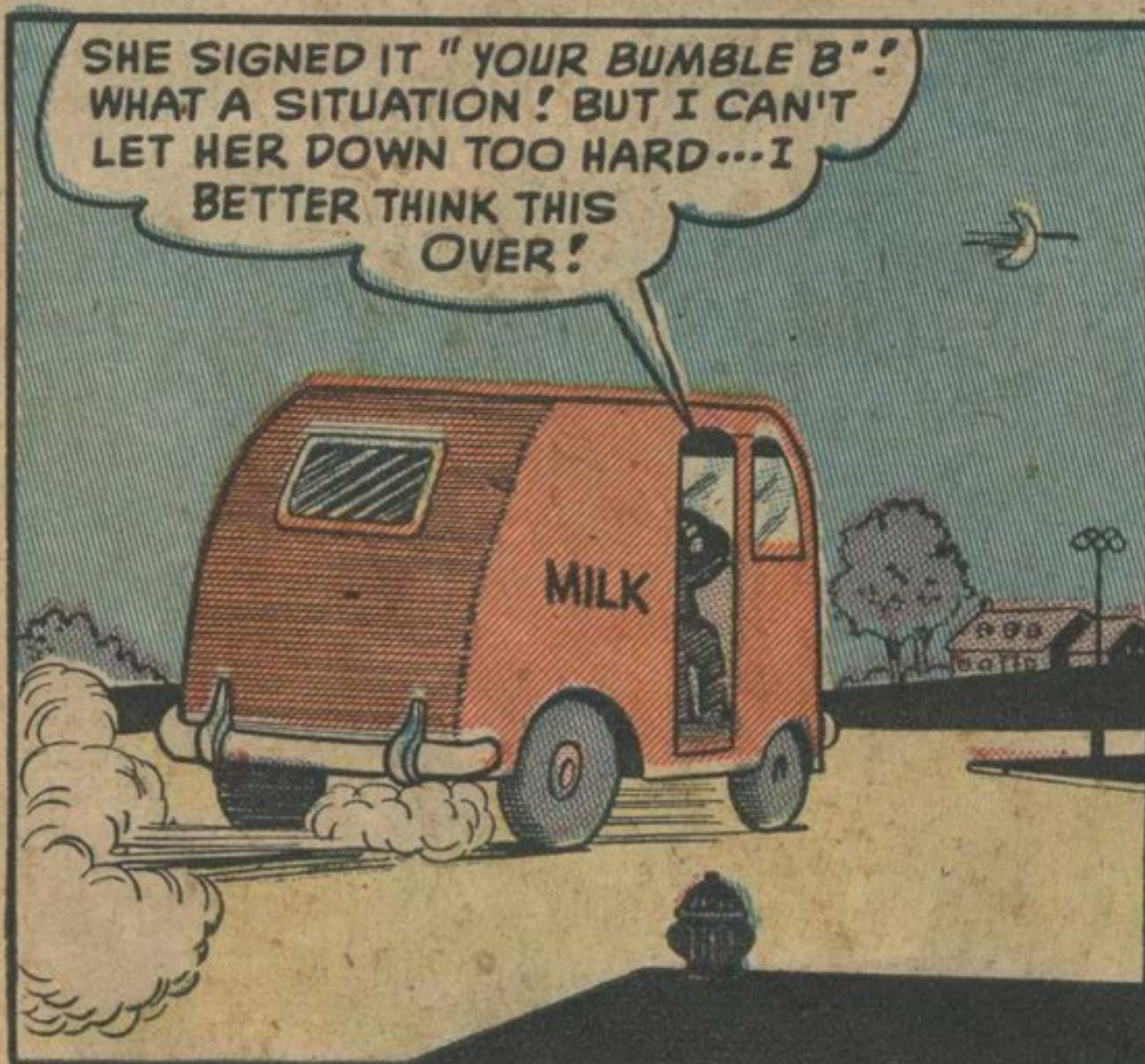
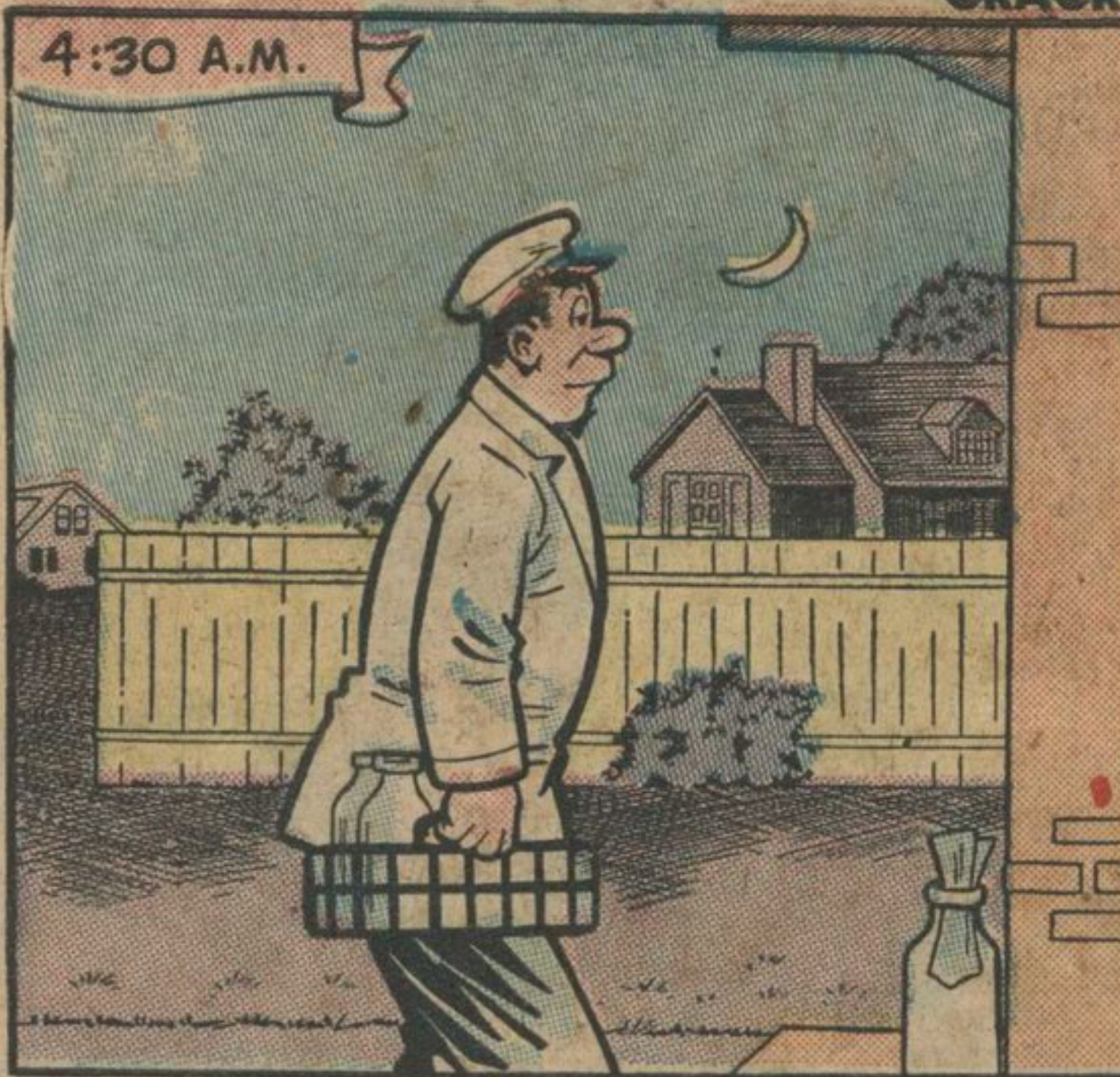
An instant later Captain Triumph shot into the underwater apartment. The weird figure whirled, reaching for a long knife, but Captain Triumph was upon him too fast. Mighty fists lashed out and the figure went limp.

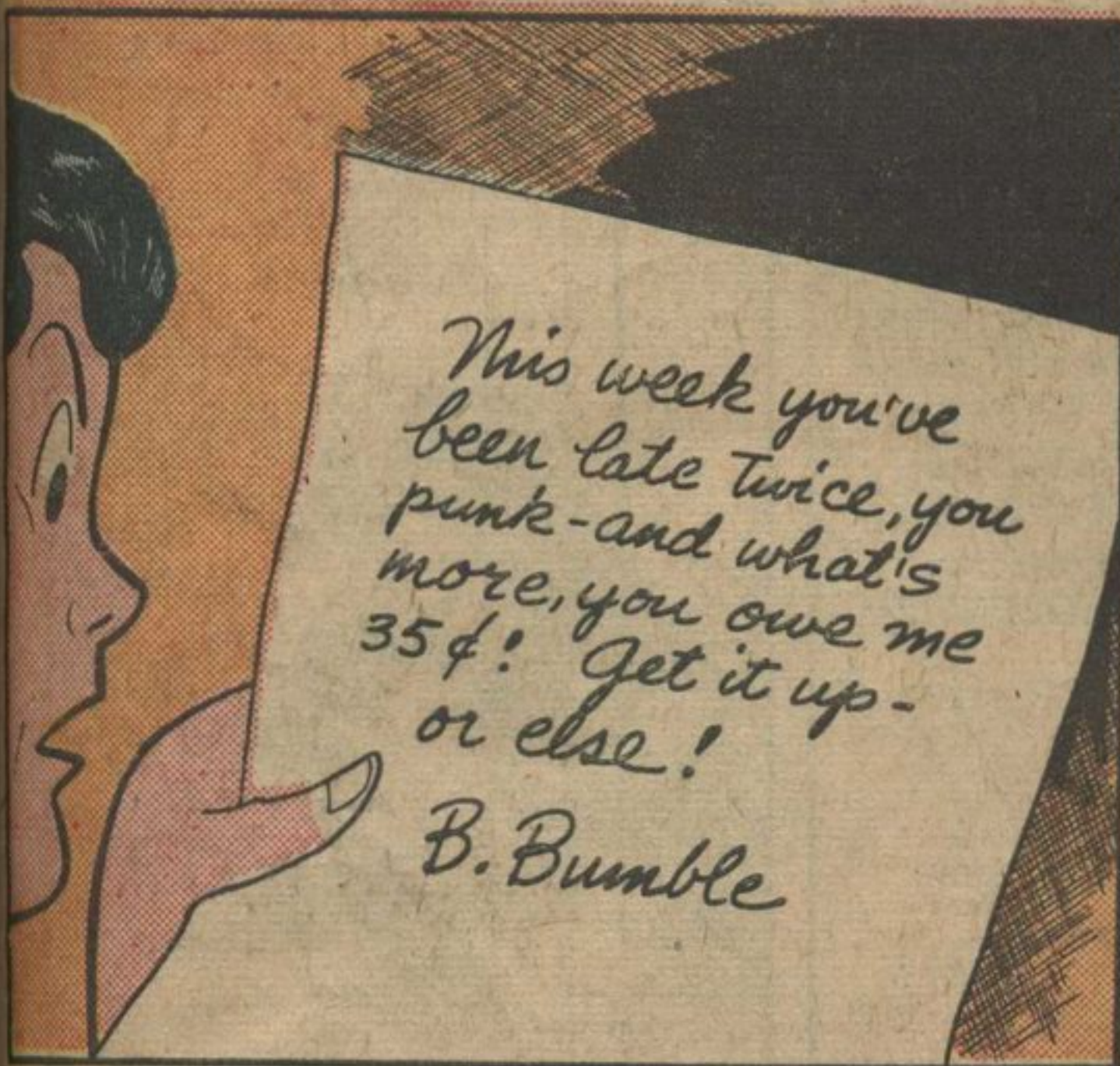
"Captain Triumph," Kim gasped, then, sitting up. "You saved my life. But what—? Who—?"

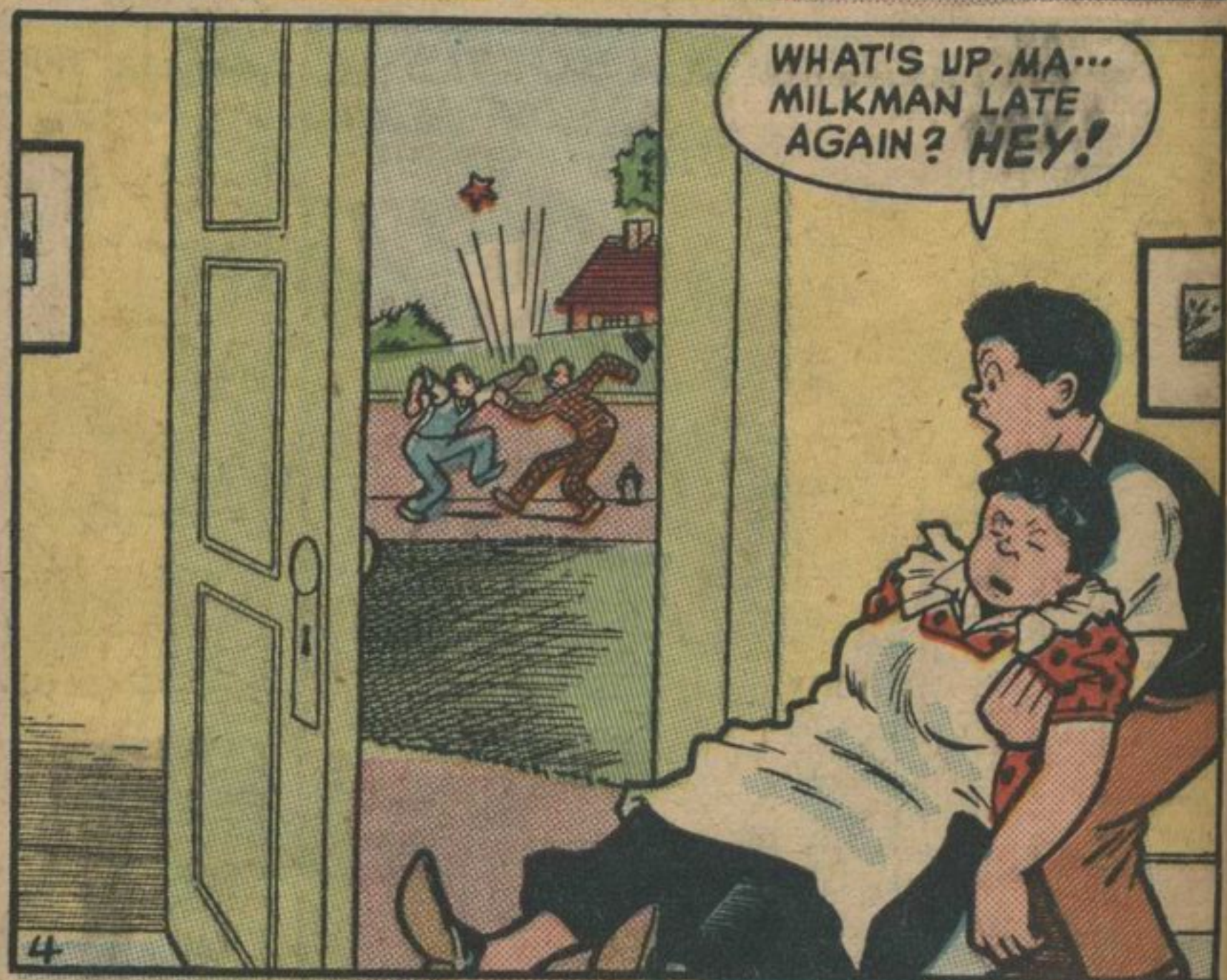
Captain Triumph bent and snatched rubber fins and the goggle mask from the figure on the floor. "Nate Anson, former swimming champ who turned crook. Lance suspected Anson. The goggles held enough air for the trip to his underwater hideout and the fins gave him uncanny speed. He probably meant to demand ransom for his captives but he'll have other things on his mind for the next fifty years, I'm sure."

BEEZY







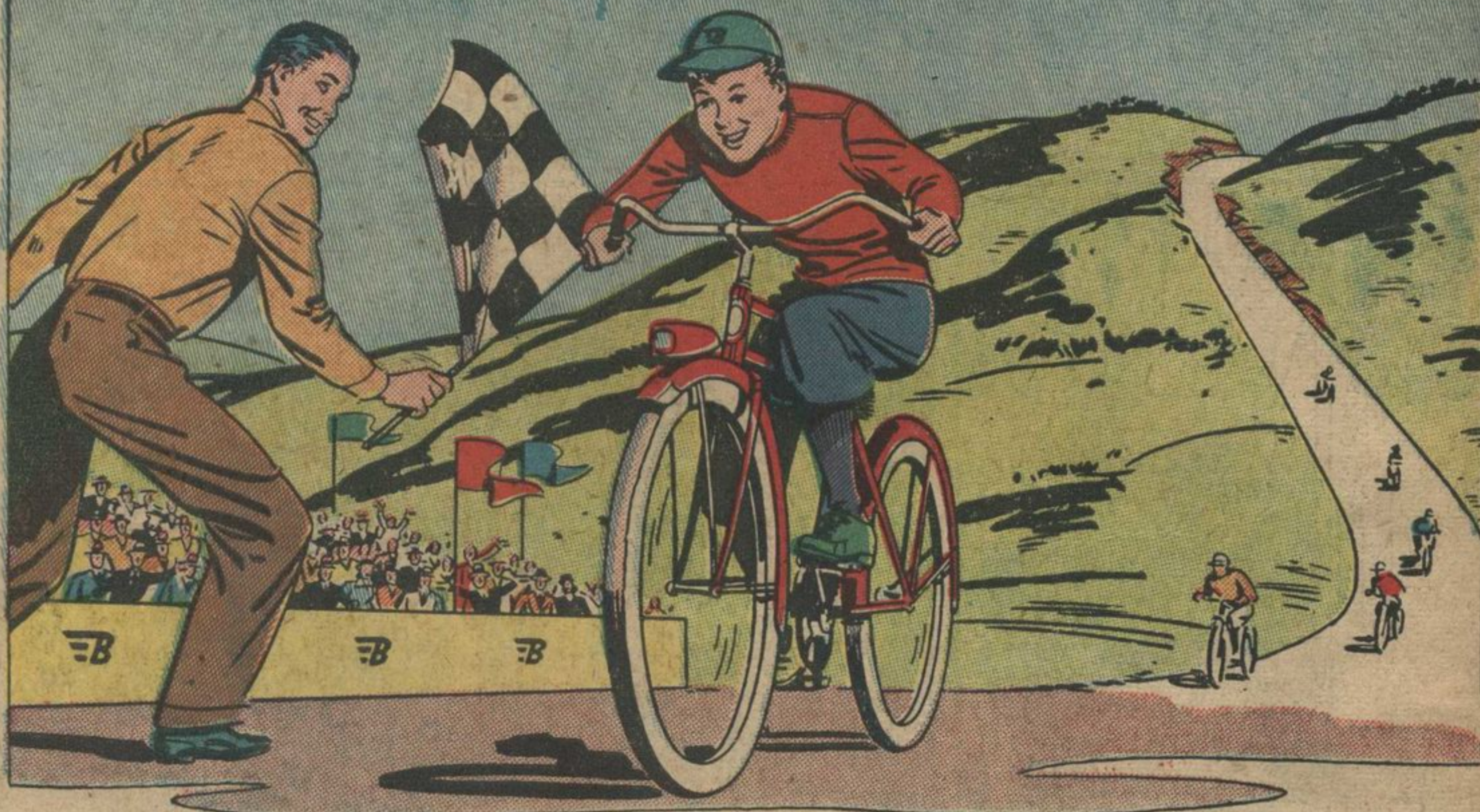


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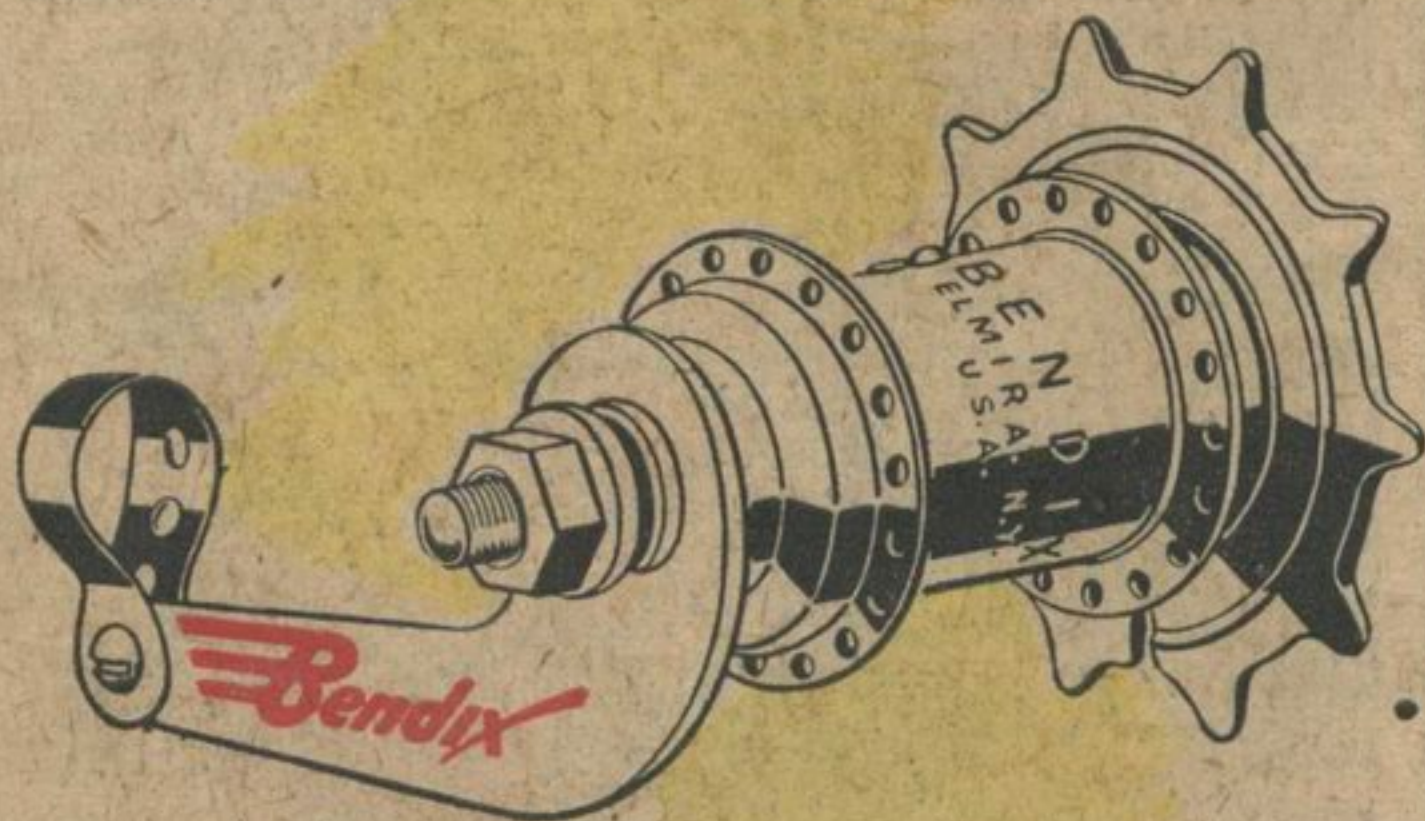




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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of



ELMIRA, NEW YORK

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I'll prove I can make you

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

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says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director.
Atlantic City



Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

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- World's weight lifting champion at 19
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Jowett-trained athlete
who was named Amer-
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for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Ath-
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Says he: "I owe every-
thing to Jowett meth-
ods!" Look at this chest
—then consider the value
of the Jowett Courses!



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muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the
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YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**

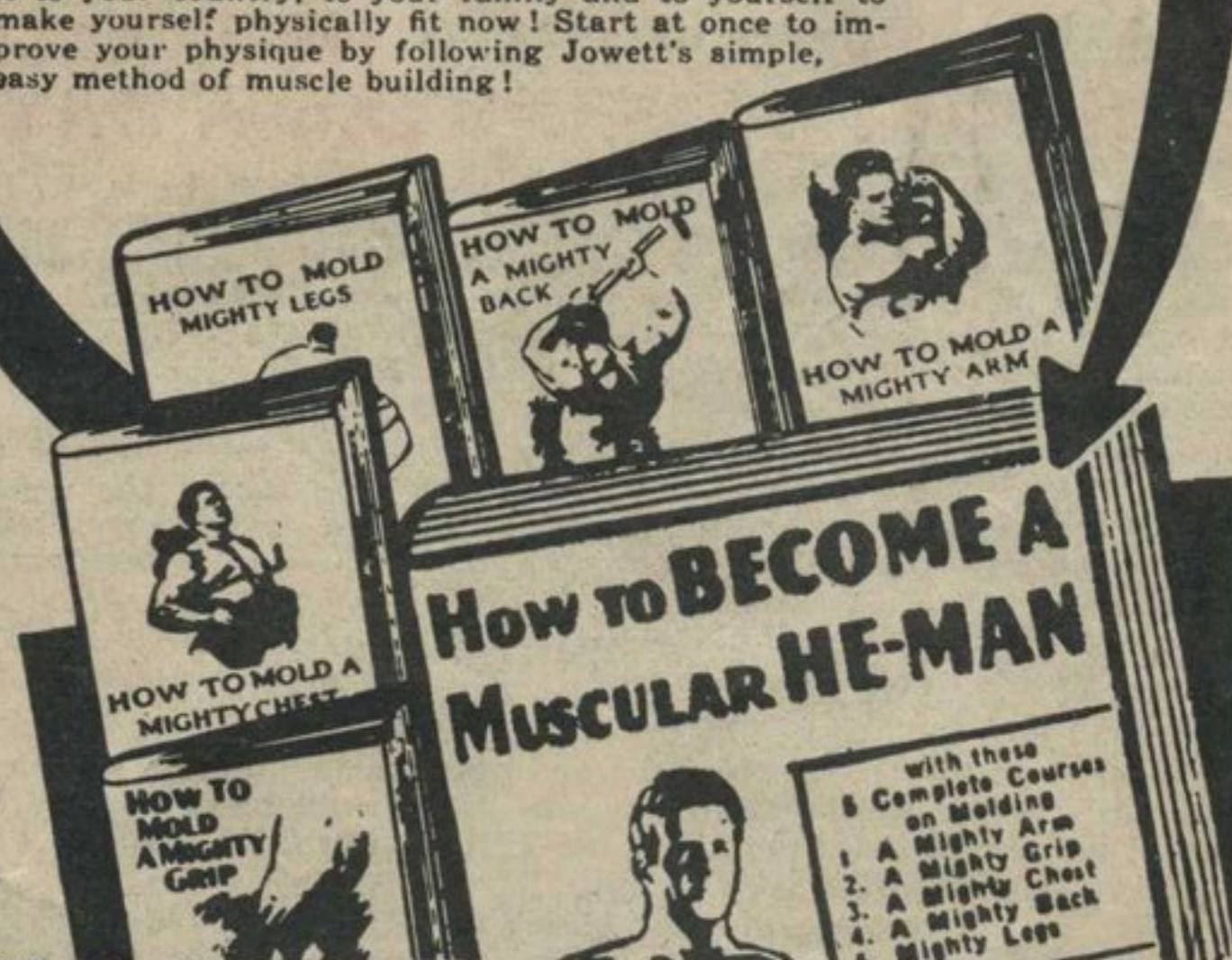
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Jowett
Champion of
Champions

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Dear George: Please send by return mail,
prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men,
along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Mold-
ing a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm.
3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty
Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One
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(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS _____

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Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepleless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*



Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping *other* fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny, shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 W, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 0000, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 W
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....